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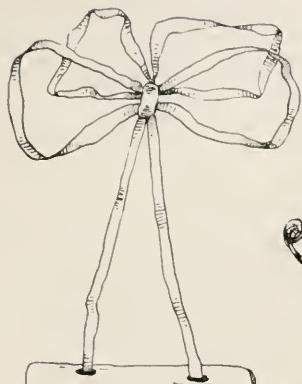
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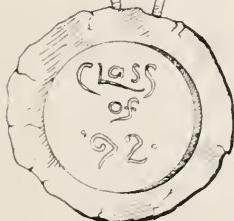
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1871



JOHNS HOPKINS

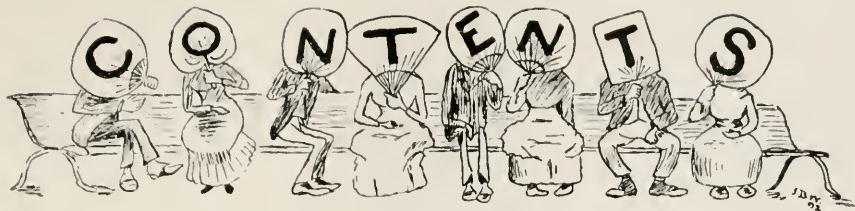


UNIVERSITY.



Hullabaloo—Kanuck—Kanuck !
Hullabaloo—Kanuck—Kanuck !
Hoo-rah ! Hoo-rah ! J. H. U.

PRESS OF
THE FRIEDENWALD COMPANY.

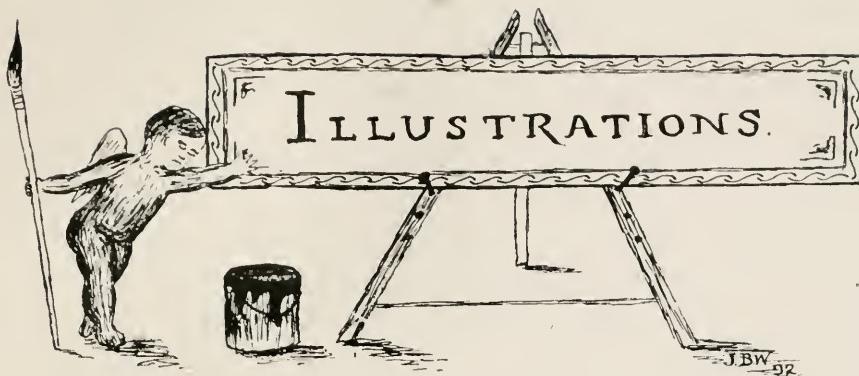


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GENTLE READERS :

We have determined to make thee merry, even if we have to cut thy throat to do it. We have seized upon everything in the University life which could, even in the remotest way, further our end. The ardor of our zeal has, perchance, betrayed us into violence of our hands.

Great and many as are our faults of commission, faults of omission have we none. With something of the grim joy the Hebrew prophet must have felt when he hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal, we can cry out "Lo, we have spared none!"

Even as in the Saturnalia (for this is as it were our carnival) the little boys run about the streets flogging whomsoever they meet, sparing not even a pontifex or a consul,—so whoever will escape our thongs let him venture not into the open world, but abide at home and say naught.

Thine, gentle reader, in all sweetness and good-will,

YE EDITORS.

Dedication.

Dear Alma Mater, with a reverent hand
We lay this book—our tribute—at thy feet.
May future glories, more than present, grand
Make recollection, more than present, sweet.
Thou hast, with kindly guard and tender care,
Nourished ambitions, watched aspirations grow:
Say they give birth to noble deeds more rare,
Bear harvests richer than the seed they sow.

Accept our alms to thy true virtue's worth,
Frown not upon the poorness of our gift.
If it is poor, 'tis not so from a dearth
Of fond affection. So, let our love lift
It to a proud position in thy sight,
And may our mem'ry be as thy honor, bright.



PROFESSOR HERBERT B. ADAMS.



SOCIAL LIFE AT THE JOHNS HOPKINS.

BY HERBERT B. ADAMS.

An historical sketch of social life at the Johns Hopkins University may be a fitting introduction to the Class Book of '92, a work which well describes student life and college societies as they are to-day.

In this Columbian year of America, when the arts and industries of many lands are seeking place in the World's Columbian Exposition, there will be established in Chicago a new University. Sixteen years ago, when the centenary of American Independence was memorably celebrated by a World's Fair in Philadelphia, the Johns Hopkins University was opened to students in Baltimore. This brief period between 1876 and 1892 has been the spring-time of academic development in this country. Old colleges have expanded, and new universities have sprung up quickly in Massachusetts, Washington, and California.

With the opening of the Johns Hopkins University, students first discovered that a novel type of academic life had appeared in America. It was a life so free, so scholarly and helpful, so full of enthusiasm and high ideals, that it seemed to its participants a veritable Renaissance, an emancipation of the modern mind. Students and teachers felt an eager delight in science for its own sake. Hopkinsians felt like exclaiming, as did the German humanist, Ulrich von Hutten: "O Jahrhundert! Die Geister erwachen. Die Studien blühen. Es ist eine Lust zu leben!"

One of the original twenty Fellows who, in that centennial year of 1876, came to Baltimore from different lands and institutions, has

recently given fine historic expression to the academic spirit which characterized the revival of learning in this Monumental City. In his suggestive article on "Present Ideals of American University Life," published in *Scribner's Magazine* for September, 1891, Dr. Josiah Royce, a graduate of the California and of the Johns Hopkins Universities, now a professor of philosophy at Harvard, said: "The beginning of the Johns Hopkins University was a dawn wherein 'twas bliss to be alive.' Freedom and wise counsel one enjoyed together. The air was full of noteworthy work done by the older men of the place, and of hopes that one might find a way to get a little working power one's self. There was no longer the dread upon one lest a certain exercise should not be well written or a certain set examination not passed. No, the academic business was something much more noble and serious than such 'discipline' had been in his time. The University wanted its children to be, if possible, not merely well informed but productive. She preached to them the gospel of learning for wisdom's sake, and of acquisition for the sake of fruitfulness. One longed to be a doer of the word, and not hearer only, a creator of his own infinitesimal fraction of a product, bound in God's name to produce it when the time came."

While this scientific, scholarly spirit, this inward zeal for the advancement of learning, was the original and abiding characteristic of all worthy members of the Johns Hopkins University, there has developed among our students and instructors a social life which is not without historic interest. We began where all popular institutions begin, whether in the civic, ecclesiastical or academic world, with general assemblies. By invitation from time to time, trustees, faculty, and students, in fact the whole academic body, met in Hopkins Hall or the University Library. The occasions were varied, but usually there were brief, informal addresses, after which the assembly resolved itself into a committee of the whole for conversation, acquaintance-making and other social purposes. Simple refreshments were generally served in the Library.

These social reunions still survive, but they are not so frequent as they used to be. At the beginning and end of every academic year there may be seen in the Gymnasium, or elsewhere, overgrown types of our original academic assemblies, which are not without their democratic and public use. Whatever social differentiation the academic body may experience, we should always hold to the student-assembly and folk-mote. Otherwise we are in danger of degenerating into social cliques and academic snobbery.

The early organization of the University by departments, and various other influences, individual and social, gave rise to a large number of associations, seminaries, societies, conferences, journal-clubs, reading parties, conversation classes in French and German, Shakespeare and Browning clubs, a field club, an archaeological society, etc. These various organizations generally embraced both instructors and students in kindred departments or congenial groups. Sometimes special reading clubs met in a professor's private library. Professor Charles D. Morris, almost from the very beginning of the University, used to invite to dinner at his house on Sundays little companies of graduate students from different departments in order that men might become better acquainted. Later on, there met every Friday evening at his house a class in Greek. After an hour's session the class adjourned to meet invited guests from other fields of study. The professor always provided an oyster supper, with beer and cigars.

Some department parties have taken the form of laboratory or library teas. The biologists, influenced perhaps by Japanese student-example, were at one time very artistic tea-drinkers. Some of them became so refined that they used iridescent champagne glasses for tea-cups. Dr. Samuel F. Clark became famous for his laboratory teas at a young ladies' college in Massachusetts, where he went to lecture before he became professor in Williams College. Dr. Hartwell's teas in the Director's office at the Gymnasium will not be forgotten. The Historical Seminary, from time to time, has had social sessions, with guests from Bryn Mawr School and the Woman's College of Baltimore. President Gilman has entertained, at the University and in his own home, many companies of students, graduates and undergraduates, companies small and great,—students, grouped by departments, by specialties, nationalities, States, sections of country, in short by almost every available totem. Individual professors, trustees, and Baltimore families have shown varied but unceasing kindness and attention to Hopkinsians from the beginning of our student-life in this proverbially hospitable city.

Soon after the opening of the University, in 1876, a little group of fellows and instructors began to hold Saturday evening sessions for literary and social purposes. For the first hour we read and discussed in German some of the prose writings of Lessing. We then adjourned to a private room over a restaurant in West Madison Street to discuss oysters and other subjects. The second session proved so much more enjoyable than the first that other men joined our number, and we soon constituted a kind of German club or Saturday evening

Kneipe. The German language continued to be spoken. Many of our original fellows and instructors had studied in Germany, and were familiar not only with the German language, but also with German customs. There was very little formality in our meetings. We had no presiding officer, no constitution except the unwritten law of the Kneipe. Literary exercises and all professed objects of culture were excluded by common consent. The main object of assembly was good-fellowship. There were in those days no annual dues. Individual members paid for what they consumed. Dutch treat was the law. The Kneipe was an esoteric body, but at the same time more or less peripatetic. It had no local habitation, simply a name. We met in upper private rooms of restaurants on Madison and Eutaw streets. We wandered at will from one meeting-place to another with perfect unconcern.

This German club flourished for about two years, when for some reason it fell into what Mr. Cleveland used to call "innocuous desuetude." Some said the club suffered from the growing tendency of young Hopkins instructors toward matrimony. The social attractions of Baltimore certainly began to lure influential members into other associations.

On the 16th of January, 1879, there met by invitation in the spacious apartment of two senior fellows, in an ancient mansion on Franklin Street, a pleasant company of survivors from the old German club. Many new men had come among us, and it was determined to break the thickening ice between the different departments by a social reunion. In those private rooms, belonging to the Sihler brothers, assembled as jolly a company of young fellows as ever met in a secret society hall of an American college. There were representatives of the oldest and best fraternities in this country; but all ancient rivalries were now forgotten, all jealousies were laid aside. There were men in that gathering from Harvard and Yale, from Amherst and Princeton, from Michigan University and the University of Virginia, from a dozen American institutions of prominence, and from famous German universities like Heidelberg, Göttingen, and Leipzig. Some were Americanized Germans, and some were Germanized Americans. In short, it was a cosmopolitan society of very good fellows.

Without describing the exact nature of our proceedings, it may be said that the singing of student songs, German and English, was a conspicuous feature in the programme. Even secret society songs were given away in the most reckless manner. It was very delightful to hear men from different colleges vying with one another in some

refrain where the name of their own college could be introduced—for example, “It’s the way we have at old Amherst!”—or again, to hear the whole company joining with one accord, “Here’s to the J. H. U., drink her down!” and coining new rhymes in praise of new professors and a new university. After singing “Good night, Sihler! we are going to leave you now,” we felt so satisfied with our musical abilities that we sang all the way home “There’s music in the air when the infant morn is nigh,” and a great variety of other songs from the student hymn-book. I shall never forget the astonishment with which Baltimore policemen regarded that midnight procession of students marching up Howard Street. Perhaps they thought we were a body of seminary priests from St. Mary’s taking a midnight promenade, or else we were so numerous that the lonely watchmen thought it advisable to let us pass by.

There was one permanent result of that social reunion on Franklin Street. In a local paper called “*The Tutor*,” edited by Dr. Beer, and devoted to the cause of education and literary criticism, appeared in January, 1879, the following report of a committee on social organization in the Johns Hopkins University: “At a meeting of the fellows, associates, and graduate students of the Johns Hopkins University on Thursday evening, January 16, it was voted that a committee of five should be appointed to consult and report on the project of social organization.

“The appointed committee have consulted, and herewith report the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That the committee on social organization recommend the formation of an informal academic club, to meet every Saturday evening from 9 until 11 o’clock, in the rooms last occupied by the German Kneipe, which have been again secured.

“Resolved, That the committee recommend the appointment of but one officer, viz. a treasurer, to collect such moneys as may be necessary, to manage the business affairs of the club, and to hold office for one academic year.

“Resolved, That a meeting of fellows, associates, and graduate students, for organization and social purposes, be hereby called for Friday evening, January 31st, and that Dr. Von Holst be invited to meet the club on that occasion.

“E. G. SIHLER, *Chairman*, CHARLES R. LANMAN,
H. C. G. BRANDT, THOS. CRAIG,
 H. B. ADAMS.”

Those resolutions led to the formation, in 1879, of the Johns Hopkins University Club, which continued to flourish for eight years, until the formation, in 1887, of the new University Club on North Charles Street. The old club was on Garden Street, on the ground floor, back of Stabler's grocery, near Montgomery's oyster beds. We hired two rooms and furnished them simply, with a long pine-table and plenty of chairs, with numerous small tables, a few pictures, and a book-case for song-books. We employed a venerable colored steward to keep an open fire and an open house for all members from 9 A. M. until 12 P. M. We had the prominent newspapers and magazines. In fact, our club was used chiefly as a reading-room. Through the medium of our faithful steward we could get at all times from neighboring restaurants good refreshments. Saturday nights were our field-nights. Then our members turned out in force. Some played whist; others sang songs, made speeches, in German or English, to their hearts' content. On Christmas night, or other holiday occasions, we made the colored man speak, for in his own peculiar way he was a very entertaining orator. Saint "Denis" was authority for the conservative statement that the colored people of Baltimore believe the statue of George Washington upon the Monument represents the father of his country, not in the act of resigning his commission, but of delivering his farewell address and saying, with emphatic gesture, "Keep the nigger down!"

Peabody professors of music belonged to our club and sometimes contributed to our entertainment. The fellows and younger instructors were nearly all in the society. One night a German professor, Dr. Von Holst, was present. After a delightful musical evening we escorted him home in academic fashion, singing a student song. A certain associate in Sanskrit, now a Harvard professor, and an associate in history, whom modesty forbids me to name, were acting as right and left-hand men for the distinguished professor at the head of the procession, when a policeman, unaccustomed to living in a university town and not appreciating midnight music, arrested two of the leading singers and said we had better be more quiet. We sang "sweet and low" for a little time until we reached the next street corner, when the entire chorus struck up again and we marched Von Holst "through Georgia," until he reached the Mt. Vernon Hotel in perfect safety.

Well, those Bohemian days are over. The Kneipe is no more. Its musty records are preserved in the historical department, and some of the club's antique furniture and Oxford pictures now adorn my

bachelor rooms. I was one of the last presidents, and had a peculiar satisfaction in rescuing a few things from the auction-sale of club property and in seeing that our debts were all paid.

The new University Club, at 1005 North Charles Street, is the historic successor of the old Kneipe on Garden Street. Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, a president of the Johns Hopkins Club, was one of the most active organizers of the new institution, of which he became the first secretary. The older and younger members of the University, together with professional men, graduates of various colleges, and other residents of Baltimore in close sympathy with the University spirit, now joined forces for the establishment of a good club. Professor B. L. Gildersleeve, its first and only president, has lately written a brief sketch of the University Club for "Benzon's Black Book, a History of the Clubs of London, Baltimore and Washington." He says: "The University Club of Baltimore was set on foot for the furtherance of social relations and intellectual interchange among those members of the community who are in sympathy with university views and university methods.

"The membership, it is true, is not restricted to the graduates of universities and colleges, for it was thought that such a restriction would exclude too many men of high intelligence and broad culture who could not meet the formal requirement of a diploma; but care was taken to perpetuate the university idea, by giving the preponderance in the management to university and college graduates. The growth of the club, which was first projected in the early summer of 1887, and which held its first regular meeting in its own house on Thanksgiving Day of the same year, shows that the plan and the methods meet the wants of an important class; for, under the steady pressure of applications for membership, the limit has been enlarged from 150 to 300, and, which is still more important, the privileges of the club are better and better appreciated and the attendance is steadily increasing.

"To promote the social life of the club, the Friday nights from October 1 to July 1 are specially set apart; the second Friday night of each month being known as Field night, the others as Club nights. On the Field nights some topic of general interest, literary, scientific, or social, is presented in an informal way, now by members of the club, now by specially invited guests, and the entertainment is followed by a simple collation provided at the expense of the club.

"These meetings have been largely attended, and many of the members who have little or no turn for club life are thus brought into

relation with the more active elements of the circle. The Annual Ladies' Reception is also a popular feature. On the Club nights, on which a supper is served at a moderate fixed price, the attendance is much smaller, but the conversation is more intimate and the feeling of a common life is distinctly fostered. The material equipment of the club is modest, and the pressure for space, on Field nights especially, has given urgency to the demand for more commodious quarters, but the present rooms are cosy and attractive and contain all the usual appurtenances of club life. The liberality of a late member of the club and his representatives has adorned the walls of the house with choice specimens of an unrivalled collection of etchings and engravings, and similar loans from others have enhanced the quiet charm of the surroundings. No attempt has been made to form a library, beyond a small collection of works of reference; but a subscription to the New York Mercantile Library puts within the reach of the members the best current literature in English, and by an arrangement with foreign booksellers the most important new works in French and German are laid on the tables for inspection and a fair proportion bought for the use of the members. With periodicals, American, English, French, German, in all departments of pure literature and the fine arts, the reading-room is supplied as few club libraries in the world are supplied. In these various ways the club has worked towards the fulfilment of its purpose with a fair measure of success.

"It has no motto, no watchword. It is not set to solve important questions of state; it is not set to manufacture jollity; but in the atmosphere of ease and quiet which reigns in the University Club, grave lives are made brighter, and gay lives are not made less gay by grave suggestions."

The new University Club is far better and more comfortable than the old Johns Hopkins Club, but members are required to be over twenty-five years of age, so that the younger academic element is practically shut out. The annual dues of the new University Club are \$30, six times those of the old Hopkins Club, which served its modest social purpose economically and well in those early days of our academic life. Those days can never be lived again. Times have changed and men have changed with them. After all, the old Kneipe was never quite adequate to student social needs in this University. The old club never embraced the whole student body, and it cost more than some men could afford. There is still room in connection with the Johns Hopkins University for the development of student societies

like the Oxford Union, the Student Associations of Edinburgh and Paris, and the Student Unions of German universities.

The development of class spirit among undergraduate students has been especially noticeable since the year 1889, when the first Class Book was published. In the successive volumes of this valuable series of student publications, the whole history of recent social development may be clearly traced. The class spirit is seen not only in more definite organization, but in the athletic games, annual banquets, monthly suppers, class yell's, class alumni organizations, class reunions, etc. It is impossible to describe, in this connection, the great number of local organizations which have sprung up in recent years, such as glee clubs, banjo clubs, tramp clubs, fencing clubs, tennis clubs, the teams for foot-ball, base-ball, lacrosse, etc. The Gymnasium and the Athletic Association, with its representation of classes and alumni, together with the athletic grounds at Clifton, have done much to promote vigorous life and real student spirit among the young men of Johns Hopkins University. It is a pleasant sight to see them in their flannel suits and sweaters driving through Charles Street in great omnibuses with six horses and giving the Hopkins cheer as they pass the University Club. The Johns Hopkins Alumni Association, organized in 1887, is beginning to show an enthusiasm for their Alma Mater, in annual banquets on the 22d of February, our Founder's Day. Branch alumni associations have already been formed in New York City, Washington, Wisconsin, and California. Pleasant places for the social reunion of alumni are now found in the Fraternity houses, which are likely to prove more and more a bond of union in the social life of the Johns Hopkins University. Concerning all these various living institutions, behold it is written in the Class Book of 1892.



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RICHARD T. ELY, Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of Political Economy.

WILLIAM T. COUNCILMAN, M. D.,
Associate Professor of Anatomy.

EDWARD H. SPIEKER, Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of Greek and Latin.

LOUIS DUNCAN, Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of Electricity.

FABIAN FRANKLIN, Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of Mathematics.

JAMES W. BRIGHT, Ph. D.,
Associate Professor of English Philology.

WILLIAM HAND BROWNE, M. D.,
Associate Professor of English Literature.

NICHOLAS MURRAY, A. B., LL. B.,
Librarian and Publication Agent.

PHILIP R. UHLER,
Associate in Natural History.

EDWARD RENOUF, Ph. D.,
Associate in Chemistry, and Acting Director of the Gymnasium.

MARION D. LEARNED, Ph. D.,
Associate in German.

WILLIAM B. CLARK, Ph. D.,
Associate in Palaeontology.

ETHAN A. ANDREWS, Ph. D.,
Associate in Biology.

CYRUS ADLER, Ph. D.,
Associate in the Semitic Languages.

JOSEPH S. AMES, Ph. D.,
Associate in Physics.

CHARLES H. CHAPMAN, Ph. D.,
Associate in Mathematics.

HERMANN S. HERING, B. S., M. E.,
Associate in Electrical Engineering.

JOHN E. MATZKE, Ph. D.,
Associate in the Romance Languages.

WILLIAM S. ALDRICH, M. E.,
Associate in Mechanical Engineering.

BOLLING W. BARTON, M. D.,
Instructor in Botany.

KIRBY W. SMITH, Ph. D.,
Instructor in Latin, and Associate-Elect.

CHARLES A. BORST, A. M.,
Assistant in Astronomy.

GEORGE P. DREYER, Ph. D.,
Senior Demonstrator of Physiology.

WYATT W. RANDALL, Ph. D.,
Instructor in Chemistry.

S. EDWIN WHITEMAN,
Assistant in Drawing.

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON, JR., A. M., M. D.,
Instructor in Semitic Languages.

HERMANN SCHOENFELD, Ph. D.,
Instructor in German.

GEORGE H. F. NUTTALL, M. D., Ph. D.,
Assistant in Bacteriology and Hygiene.

CHARLES L. POOR, M. S., Ph. D.,
Instructor in Mathematics, and Associate-Elect.

WILLIAM M. ARNOLT, Ph. D.,
Instructor in New Testament Greek.

PERCY MATTHEWS,
Assistant in Electricity.

TURNBULL LECTURER, 1891-2.

Professor RICHARD C. JEBB, Ph. D., LL.D., Litt. D., of Cambridge
University, England.

The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry.

DONOVAN LECTURERS, 1891-2.

Professor CALEB T. WINCHESTER, A. M., of Wesleyan University.
English Poetry, 1789-1832.

OLIVER ELTON, A. B., of Owens College, Manchester.
English Literature of the 17th Century.

LEVERING LECTURERS, 1891-2.

President WILLIAM R. HARPER, D. D., LL. D., of Chicago University.
Old Testament History and Prophecy.

Rev. RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D., LL. D., L. H. D., of Brooklyn.
Life of St. Bernard.

LECTURERS AND READERS, 1891-2.

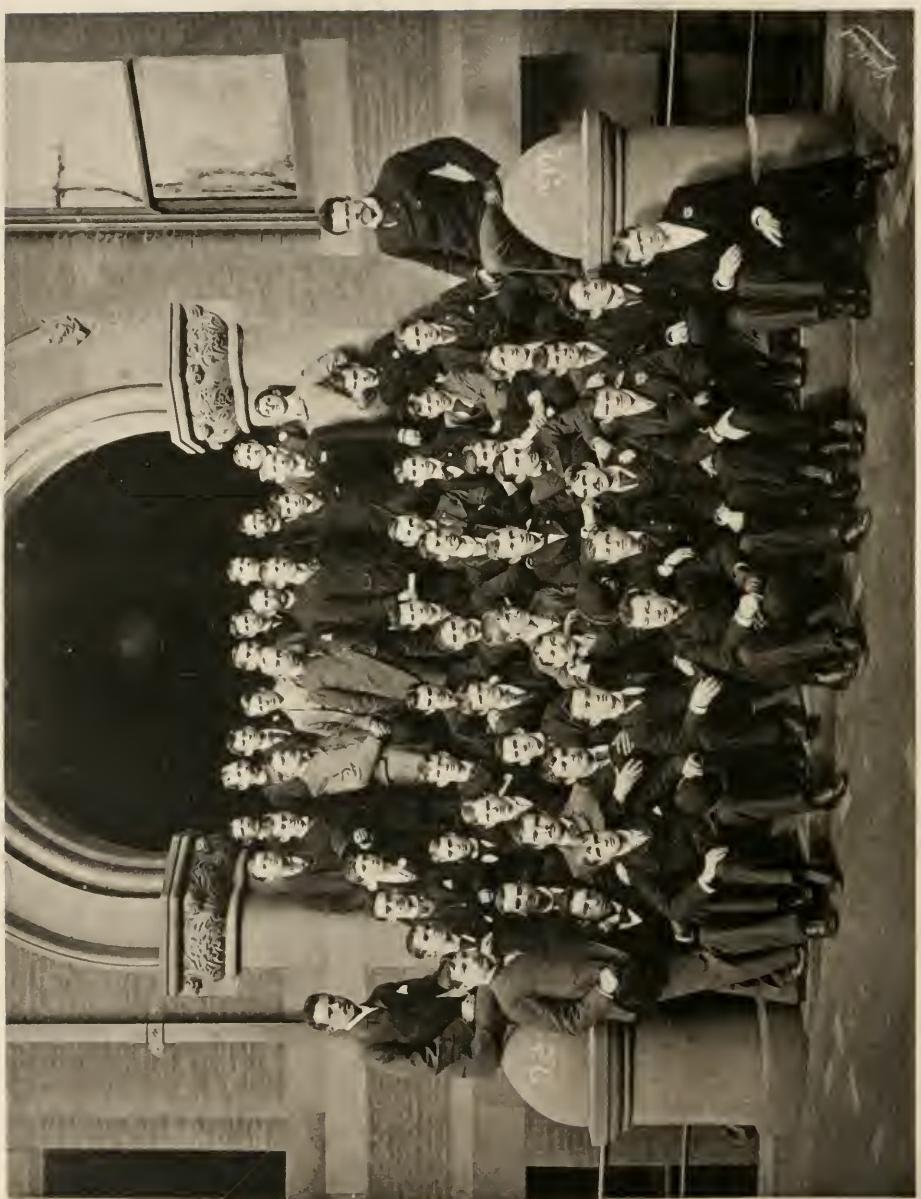
FREDERIC BANCROFT, Ph. D., of the Department of State.
History of American Diplomacy.

ELGIN R. L. GOULD, Ph. D., of the U. S. Department of Labor.
Recent Phases of Social Science in Europe.

JAMES SCHIOULER, LL. D., of Boston.
American Political History.

ALBERT SHAW, Ph. D., of New York.
Municipal and Social Problems.

Professor WOODROW WILSON, Ph. D., LL. D., of Princeton College.
Administration and Comparative Politics.



CLASS OF '92.

COLORS.—DARK BLUE AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL.

'Rah! 'Rah! Black,—'Rah! 'Rah! Blue!
Hopkins! Hopkins! '92!

OFFICERS OF '92.

<i>President</i> ,	THOMAS RICHARDSON BROWN.
<i>Vice-President</i> ,	EARL PERKINS LOTHROP.
<i>Secretary</i> ,	WILLIAM CALVIN CHESNUT.
<i>Treasurer</i> ,	JOHN SARGENT STEARNS.
<i>Historian</i> ,	EDWARD JAQUELIN L'ENGLE.
<i>Poet</i> ,	HUGH JUDGE JEWETT, JR.
<i>Prophet</i> ,	NEWTON DIEHL BAKER, JR.
<i>Executive Committee</i> , . .	{ HUGH JUDGE JEWETT, JR. JOHN HOLLADAY LATANÉ. JOHN BOSWELL WHITEHEAD.

John Roberts Abercrombie. *Group III.* Baltimore.

Class Representative on the House Committee, 1891-2; University Lacrosse Team, 1891; Banjo Club, 1890-1; Clifton Club.

Harry Adler. *Group III.* Baltimore.
Clifton Club.

Delaware Clayton Andre. *Group VI.* Baltimore.

Newton Diehl Baker, Jr. *Group VI.* West Virginia.
Φ. Γ. Δ. Class Prophet; Home Secretary, House of Commons, '91; Y. M. C. A. Correspondence Committee, 1891-2.

Charles Gambrill Baldwin. *Group IV.* Baltimore.
B. O. II. Prime Minister, House of Commons, '91; Tramp Club Treasurer, '90; Recording Secretary, Y. M. C. A., '91; Y. M. C. A. Membership Committee, '90, Room Committee, '91, Reception Committee, '92.

Edwin Bernhard Behrend.	<i>Group III.</i>	Washington.
Washington Scholar, 1891-2; Clifton Club.		
Lunsford Emory Bennett.	<i>Group I.</i>	Maryland.
Hopkins Scholar, 1890-1; Y. M. C. A. Devotional Committee, '92.		
Arthur Fisher Bentley.	<i>Group VI.</i>	Nebraska.
Honorable Mention, '91; Y. M. C. A. Correspondence Committee, 1891-2.		
George Edwards Boynton.	<i>Group VI.</i>	New York.
A. Δ. Φ.		
George Stewart Brown.	<i>Group III.</i>	Baltimore.
A. Δ. Φ., Class Delegate to the Matriculate Society, 1889-92; Class Baseball Team, '90, '91; Class Baseball Committee, '91; Class Football Team, '89; Class Banquet Committee, 1890-1; Matriculate Society Vice-President, 1891-2.		
Thomas Richardson Brown.	<i>Group IV.</i>	Baltimore.
A. Δ. Φ.; K. Δ. "Hullabaloo" Editor; Honorary Hopkins Scholar, 1890-2; Hopkins Scholar, 1889-90; Commemoration Day Usher, '91, Chief Usher, '92; Commencement Usher, '91; Class President, 1891-2; Class Vice-President, 1890-1; Class Poet, 1890-1; Class Football Team, '91; Class Baseball Team, '91; Matriculate Society President, 1891-2, Delegate, 1890-1.		
Alfred Cookman Bryan.	<i>Group I.</i>	Maryland.
Honorable Mention, '90; Class Baseball Committee, '90, '91; Class Baseball Team, '90, '91; Class Football Team, '90, '91; House of Commons.		
John Samuel Bullock, Jr.	<i>Group IV.</i>	Baltimore.
Assistant Business Manager of the "Hullabaloo"; Class Banquet Committee, 1890-2; Manager, Hopkins Theatre Parties, 1890.		
Charles Weathers Bump.	<i>Group VI.</i>	Baltimore.
H. H. "Hullabaloo" Editor and Business Manager; Curator, Gilmore Autographs; Hopkins Representative, Baltimore "Sun," 1890-2; Home Secretary, House of Commons, 1891-2; Assistant Editor, "The Association," '91; Y. M. C. A. Executive Council, '92, Publication Committee, 1890-2; Official Scorer, University Baseball Team, '92; Chairman, Class Cap and Gown Committee; Hopkins Editor "University Magazine," '92.		
William Calvin Chesnut.	<i>Group VI.</i>	Baltimore.
Φ. Γ. Δ. Assistant Business Manager of the "Hullabaloo"; Hopkins Scholar, 1890-2; Usher, Commemoration Day, '90; Class Secretary, 1891-2; Class Football Team, '90, '91; Class Baseball Team, '91; Clerk, House of Commons, '91; Tramp Club; Y. M. C. A. Executive Council, '91; Chairman, Y. M. C. A. Reception Committee, '91-2; Class Cap and Gown Committee.		

John Edwin Davis. *Group VI.* Baltimore.

Class Baseball Team, '90, '91; Class Baseball Committee, '90; Class Football Team, '90; Class Photograph Committee; University Baseball Team, '90, '91, '92; House of Commons.

Henry Haywood Glassie. *Group VI.* Washington.

Editor-in-Chief of the "Hullabaloo"; Washington Scholar, 1890-2; Class Historian, 1890; Sergeant-at-Arms and Foreign Secretary, House of Commons, '91; Tramp Club; Browning Club.

Leon Emanuel Greenbaum. *Group VI.* Baltimore.

K. Δ. "Hullabaloo" Editor; Honorary Hopkins Scholar, 1891-2; Hopkins Scholar, 1889-90; Prime Minister, House of Commons, 1891.

Henry Simpson Greenleaf. *Group III.* Washington.

Class Banquet Committee, '92; Class Photograph Committee; Clifton Club.

James Wesley Harvey, Jr. *Group VI.* Maryland.

Bachelor of Arts, February, 1892; Class Football Team, '91; Tramp Club.

William August Haussmann. *Group VII.* Pennsylvania.

Jose Lewis Hirsh. *Group III.* Baltimore.

Clifton Club.

Morris James. *Group I.* Kentucky.

Hugh Judge Jewett, Jr. *Group VI.* Maryland.

A. Δ. Φ.; K. Δ. "Hullabaloo" Editor; Marshal, Commemoration Day, '91; Usher, Commemoration Day, '92; Class President, 1890-1; Class Executive Committee, 1889-90, 1891-2; Class Poet, 1891-2; Manager, '92 Tug of War Team; Manager, Class Baseball Team, '90; Class Football Team, '90, '91; Class Football Committee, '91; Class Baseball Committee, '90; Board of Directors, Athletic Association, 1891-2; University Football Manager, '91; Director, Matriculate Society, 1891-2; Class Cap and Gown Committee.

Theodore Woolsey Johnson. *Group I.* Baltimore.

A. Δ. Φ. Honorary Hopkins Scholar, 1890-1; Hopkins Scholar, 1889-90; Class Secretary, 1890-1; Class Football Team, '91; Fencing Club Treasurer, 1889-92.

John Holladay Latané. *Group I.* Baltimore.

K. Δ. "Hullabaloo" Editor; Class President, 1889-90; Class Executive Committee, 1890-2; Speaker and Foreign Secretary, House of Commons, '91, '92.

Edward Jaquelin L'Engle. *Group VI.* Florida.

H. II. Class Historian, 1891-2; Foreign Secretary, House of Commons, 1891-2.

Earl Perkins Lothrop.	<i>Group III.</i>	New York.
B. O. H. Marshal, Commemoration Day, '92, Usher, '90; Class Vice-President, 1889-90, 1891-2; Class Executive Committee, 1890-1; Class Football Team, '89, '90, '91; Class Football Committee, '89-'91; Class Baseball Manager, '91; '92 Tug of War Team; Board of Directors, Athletic Association, 1891-2; University Glee Club, 1889-91; Clifton Club.		
Charles Roy McKay.	<i>Group II.</i>	Utah.
Φ. K. Ψ. Class Football Team, '89, '90, '91; Board of Directors, Athletic Association, '91; University Baseball Team, '89, '90, '91; Manager, University Football Team, '89; University Glee Club, 1889-91; Tramp Club.		
Charles Whitney Mixter.	<i>Group IV.</i>	Massachusetts.
Tramp Club; Browning Club.		
Walter Alexander Montgomery.	<i>Group I.</i>	North Carolina.
K. A. Hopkins Scholar from North Carolina, 1890-2.		
James Flack Norris.	<i>Group IV.</i>	Maryland.
H. H.; K. Δ. Hopkins Scholar, 1891-2; Class Historian, 1890-1; Class Photograph Committee; Clerk, House of Commons, 1891-2; Treasurer, Tramp Club, 1891-2.		
Thomas Dobbin Penniman.	<i>Group IV.</i>	Maryland.
Φ. K. Ψ. University Lacrosse Team, 1889-92; Sergeant-at-Arms, House of Commons, '91.		
Charles William Peppler.	<i>Group I.</i>	Baltimore.
Honorary Hopkins Scholar, 1890-2; Hopkins Scholar, 1889-90.		
David Bertram Pope.	<i>Group III.</i>	Baltimore.
Class Football Team, '91; Secretary, Tramp Club, 1891-2.		
Albert Moore Reese.	<i>Group III.</i>	Baltimore.
Tramp Club; Clifton Club.		
William Miller Roberts.	<i>Group IV.</i>	Baltimore.
K. Δ.		
Abram Barr Snively.	<i>Group III.</i>	Pennsylvania.
B. O. H. Clifton Club.		
John Sargent Stearns.	<i>Group III.</i>	Washington
B. O. H. Marshal, Commemoration Day, '91; Class Treasurer, 1891-2; Class Representative on the House Committee, '91; Captain, Class Football Team, '90, '91; Class Football Team, '89; Class Baseball Team, '90, '91; '92 Tug-of-War Team; Board of Directors, Athletic Association, 1891-2; House of Commons; Clifton Club.		

Charles Daniel Steenken.	<i>Group III.</i>	Baltimore.
Clifton Club.		
Leopold Stern.	<i>Group IV.</i>	Baltimore.
Hopkins Scholar, 1889-90, 1891-2; Electric Club.		
Lester Latham Stevens.	<i>Group V.</i>	Baltimore.
B. O. II.; H. II. Marshal, Commemoration Day, '92; Class Football Team, '90, '91; Class Baseball Team, '90, '91; Class Baseball Committee, '91; House of Commons.		
Gustav Lurman Stewart.	<i>Group VII.</i>	Baltimore.
A. Δ. Φ.; K. Δ. Class Football Manager, '89, '90, '91; Class Football Team, '89, '90, '91; Class Football Committee, '89, '90, '91; Class Treasurer, 1889-90; Class Banquet Committee, 1890-1; Fencing Club President, 1889-92; University Glee Club, 1889-91; Treasurer, Y. M. C. A., 1890-2; Y. M. C. A. Ways and Means Committee, 1890-1; Y. M. C. A. Membership Committee, 1892.		
John Stewart, Jr.	<i>Group VII.</i>	Baltimore.
A. Δ. Φ.; K. Δ. Marshal, Commemoration Day, '90; Usher, Commemoration Day, '91; Usher, Commencement Day, '91; Class Football Team, '89; Class Banquet Committee, 1891-2; University Glee Club, 1889-91.		
Redmond Conyngham Stewart.	<i>Group III.</i>	Baltimore.
A. Δ. Φ.; Δ. K. Usher, Commemoration Day, '92; Usher, Commencement Day, '90; Class Treasurer, 1890-1; Class Football Team, '89, '90, '91; Class Baseball Team, '90; Y. M. C. A. Membership Committee, 1890.		
Arthur Bertram Turner.	<i>Group II.</i>	Baltimore.
Harold John Turner.	<i>Group II.</i>	Baltimore.
John Boswell Whitehead, Jr.	<i>Group II.</i>	Virginia.
Δ. Φ. "Hullabaloo" Editor; Virginia Scholar, 1891-2; Honorable Mention, 1890, 1891; Class Secretary, 1889-90; Class Executive Committee, 1891-2; Secretary, Matriculate Society, 1891-2; University Glee Club, 1889-91; Usher, Commemoration Day, '92.		
Richard Gordon Williams.	<i>Group VI.</i>	Baltimore.
Δ. Φ.; K. Δ. Banjo Club, 1890-2; Manager, University Baseball Team, '92; Mandolin Club, '92.		
Richard Henry Wilson, Jr.	<i>Group I.</i>	Kentucky.

ELECTRICAL STUDENTS.

George Emerson Cox.	Baltimore.
B. O. H. Class Football Team, '89, '90, '91; Class Football Committee, '89; Class Baseball Team, '90, '91; '92 Tug-of-War Team; Electric Club. High Kicking, Athletic Exhibition, '92.	
Job Parker Doan.	Illinois.
Electric Club.	
James Ellicott Hewes.	Baltimore.
K. A. Marshal, Commemoration Day, '90; Class Football Team, '89, '90, '91; Class Football Committee, '90; Anchor, '92 Tug-of-War Team; Board of Directors, Athletic Association, 1891-2; University Football Team, '89; Fencing Club Secretary, 1889-92; University Glee Club, 1890; Electric Club, Executive Committee, '92.	
George Henry Hutton, Jr.	Baltimore.
Electric Club.	
Robert Ernest Hutton.	Baltimore.
Electric Club.	
Hugh Pattison.	Maryland.
Executive Committee, Electric Club.	
Harry Fitz Randolph.	Pennsylvania.
K. S. Electric Club.	
Robert Isaac Todd.	Virginia.
Hopkins Scholar from Virginia, 1890-2.	
Charles William Waidner, Jr.	Baltimore.
Electric Club.	

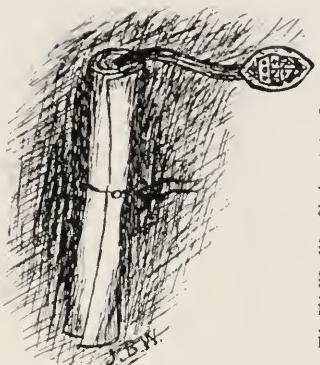
HONORARY MEMBERS.

Algernon Duval Atkinson.	<i>Group III.</i>	Baltimore.
Δ. Φ.; A. Σ. Σ. Usher, Commemoration Day, '90; Usher, Commencement Day, '90, '91; Class Executive Committee, 1889-90; Captain, Class Baseball Team, '90; University Tennis Champion, '89; University Baseball Team, '90; Student of Medicine, University of Maryland, 1891-2.		
Rignal Woodward Baldwin.	<i>Group IV.</i>	Baltimore.
Class Executive Committee, 1890-1; Class Football Team, '89, '90, '91; University Lacrosse Team, '90; Student of Law, University of Maryland, 1891-2.		
Henry Draper Jump.	<i>Group III.</i>	Delaware.
Class Executive Committee, 1889-90; Class Football Team, '90; Y. M. C. A. Aggressive Work Committee, '90; Y. M. C. A. Ways and Means Committee, '91; Student of Medicine, University of Pennsylvania, 1891-2.		



THE CLASS HISTORY.

All men are mortal.—EMMOTT.



OUR HUNDRED years ago Columbus discovered the world," as our brilliant postprandial orator and logician, Mr. John Stewart (Mill), has informed us; and what more fitting celebration for this great event could be devised than the graduation of the Class of '92? There is something singularly happy in the coincidence. For we, too, are about to sail out upon unknown seas to "discover the world," like the individual whom a contemptuous critic denominated "that so-called Christopher Columbus."

The annals of the early years of the Class have been ably treated by contemporary Historians. Some have even written in rhymes which the present historian can never hope to equal.

The Class does not trace its history back to the days of Knower, nor does it maintain that its ancestors were fostered by a Wolfe. Indeed, its history, when in the family stage, is enveloped in obscurity. Its authentic history begins with those fateful days when, after passing the seven-headed monsters which perennially assume the form of matriculation examinations, we glided into our freshman year.

Our record as one-year-olds was an excellent one. We attended the roll-calls in P. H. E., and swallowed the bitter pills of Physical Geography.

As Juniors we continued our triumphal progress. True, we did not win all the laurels in Foot-ball; but it was a tired-looking wreath before '91 gathered it in. The gods were against us and jealous of our achievements in other directions. And, with Croesus and other classical celebrities, we had to bow before the divine Nemesis. But in scholarship we defied the gods. Mr. Ball had to make a requisition on the Trustees for a rubber-stamp which would mark our term-reports with three ones at one fell blow.

But our last year has been an epoch of unequaled brilliancy and glory. In literature, science, art, and, to a certain extent, in athletics, the influence of '92's senior year will last even beyond the time when the class of '90 shall leap into glorious existence.

The prominent position taken by the Class in athletics is too well known to require the aid of the Historian's feeble pen. What freshman class before our time had the enterprise to organize a base-ball team? Where is the class that has yet ventured to cross bats with our brilliant constellation? The 'Varsity nine would be sadly at a loss without our contribution of four men, including the "phenomenal" pitcher Davis. Our freshman foot-ball team was the first and only class eleven to play against a freshman team from another college; and no class since has had the courage—or temerity—to follow our example. This is, of course, not due to the fact that we did not win. Such trivial matters as the score are not to be taken into consideration.

Force still rules the world; and our unconquered tug-of-war team has, therefore, a strong "pull" among the world's rulers. They have in their long list of conquests fourteen inches from '90's scalp, three and a half from the 'varsity team, and two inches in the *Hopkinsian*. It is only to be regretted that no other class has had the courage to meet these valiant men-at-arms—and legs.

After all, there is nothing quite like foot-ball, and though branded as a "rude and barbarous sport," the deeds of our eleven since the fall they so badly frightened '91 must not be omitted. There is not a great deal to be said in regard to the matter. Indeed, about all of the adjectives and expletives—of a more or less Biblical cast—current in several modern languages have been expended upon it. We—that is our faithful eleven—played three games. Of these we lost one, tied a second, and won a third. It will thus be seen by any unprejudiced reader that as far as foot-ball for this season is concerned, we are neither better off nor worse. But that noisy aggregation which calls itself '93 M. D. (see? see? see?) has had its characteristic effrontery to take unto itself the credit of being champions of the Inter-Class League. It could hardly be expected that a class which is still in the throes of its A. B. C. and its P. H. E. could understand that the scores 4-6, 4-4, and 60-0 leave a balance of 58 in favor of '92.

In the face of these plain facts, the M. D.'s have gone so far as to embody their villainy in the shape of little gilt globes which they lug about after the manner of a ball and chain. It is somewhat significant that the shape of these gew-gaws is that of a goose-egg, and that the color of the material is suggestive of the characters of their wearers.

The strong class spirit and patriotism does not always find expression in the halls of Philosophy. Inspired by a lofty spirit of self-sacrifice, the "Scrubs" have proved their devotion to a worthy cause by becoming a shining mark for the foot-ball team to practice upon. It must not be supposed from their name that the "Scrubs" were designed to act as charwomen to polish the field at Union Park. They did, it is true, make actual tests of the geological formation of the grounds and the numerous pebbles therein contained, but none of them will grant that shins and knees are a good substitute for dynamite in blasting rocks. They were a handsome set of fellows, those "Scrubs." Any one of them would have made a fine model for a statue of Apollo. The rotund form of our bumptious little center would make, perhaps, a better Cupid, but the rest of the team were meant by nature to be models of physical beauty. They *did* make one touchdown in three weeks; and the efforts of Norris and Latané to induce a large "Bottle" to remain in their vicinity is worthy of a Homer's art. Greenbaum's tackling was magnificent, but it was usually exercised while sitting in a sunny corner of the field, "holding hard" a bruised shin.

The energies of the Class have not all been devoted to the field of athletics. Peace has it triumphs as well as war, and '92 holds a pre-eminent place in the Library as well as the Gymnasium. We have discussed the whole universe of assertion, in the room where "no conversation is allowed," and summoned "Old Nick" from his infernal regions to assist his black-bearded Mephisto in unraveling our knotty discussions. Who would not be proud of the scholars who have done so much toward making known the beauties of the hoary old English ballads?

The numerous and successful Class suppers held by '92 have been the centers of much good-fellowship and social intercourse. They are quite unique in the history of the J. H. U., and certainly contribute a much-needed element to the life here. Separated by their groups, classmates have had little chance to know each other; but these suppers have done much to advance a real friendship and feeling of our "solidarity." Although vulgarly called "feeds," they resemble in no way the "orgies" at which former classes have reveled. The eloquence perpetrated upon these occasions would have shamed a Burke. None of us could forget how touchingly our little soubrette, Norris, sung "Annie Rooney" and "Comrades." How Bump and Waidner dieted themselves on Blue Points and terrapin to fleshen their emaciated forms. Or how Williams kept "a-walkin'" through the

parlors. Glassie's character sketches, which his dear old Sunday-school teacher had taught him, were affecting in the extreme.

It is at the risk of seeming trite to the world of scholars that the Historian recounts the results of the original investigations of the members of the Class. Every psychologist has been convulsed by Johnson's Law, which holds that "the heart is the organ over which we have the least control." Bryan has discovered accidentally, while looking through his microscope with the wrong eye, that an undifferentiated protoplasm is a unicellular structure. Peppler, after a laborious series of experiments in the Biological Laboratory, has declared that unicellular examination papers in that department are very rare. Davis has been conducting a series of experiments in testing the relative purity of window glass, and as a result of his investigation the Trustees will soon have ground-glass panes put in the Ross Street windows of the chemical laboratory. Greenbaum announces that the secret of correct English composition is to take liberal doses of S. S. S. A full account of the many discoveries in history and the languages would be too long a catalogue for even the liberal space allotted to the Historian, and the gentle reader is referred to the leading journals of arts and science.

The saddest thing in the history of the Class is the moral downfall of young Chesnut. At the outset of his collegiate career Chesnut was an exemplary youth, an officer of the Y. M. C. A., and assistant missionary to the "submerged tenth" of Canton. Falling into bad company, he first became addicted to the use of cigarettes. From this time his ruin was assured. Led on by evil companions, he has hurried from bad to worse, and now he goes about the University looking but a mockery of his former self. Prominent psychologists have pronounced his case hopeless, and it is believed that he will eventually take to the stage, assuming the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

The Historian's work is done. A few months more and the Class of '92 will be reckoned, with its many predecessors, among the yesterdays. Although we have tried to avoid the excesses of class *feeling*, we are sure that we have given a healthy tone to class *spirit*. When some future historical student comes to estimate "what the world owes to '92," his theses will certainly include a mutual sympathy and good-fellowship.

THE CLASS POEM.

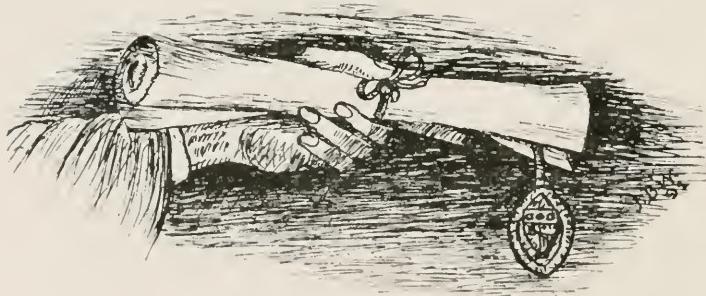
Before us rolls the tide of human life;
Behind us flows the peaceful rippling wave,
Which, starting from its tiny babyhood,
Grows larger as it gently nears the spot,
Where full matured, reliant in itself,
It braves oblivion in the ocean stream.
To this we all must come (save those sweet souls
Who, "loved by gods," in earlier times have been).
The one whose character is strongly formed
Rides on the surface of the sea nor sinks
Beneath, upheld by honor and esteem.
Another, having less stability
And strength to buffet his antagonists,
Seeks ignominious strife or peaceful rest,
O'erwhelmed in action by the jostling throng.
Such are the lives of men from age to age,
Pushed back and forth between the two extremes:
The man of sense pursues the middle way
And knows the golden value of that mean;
Ambition has no charms to draw astray
From his true goal of distant happiness,
Nor sluggish indolence to surely dull
His hopes of living with exertion's bane.

Far o'er the vault of heaven lay the clouds;
When lo! a rent was torn right in their midst,
And there a face—a spirit face—appeared,
And this is what it seemed to say to me:—
"Your lives are but the playing of your parts
Upon the stage of this world drama, where
Your actions are directed by a kind
Or cruel Providence. Your youth is spent
In preparation. All are taught what they

Have reason to expect, if they but do
This thing or that, as wise experience
Has taught unto their elders, so that they
Could learn from their misfortunes. Each one has
Examples held before his very eyes—
Yea, thrust into his face—that he may see
More clearly how he should appreciate
And follow this fair model's virtued way.
When you've rehearsed a score or more of years
Before instructors, relatives, and friends,
You are considered to be quite prepared
To take your proper station on the stage.
Perhaps old Chremes finds a counterpart,
Or Simo, cheated by a Pythias, who,
Like his old namesake, practices deceit.
Here tragic Telephus and Peleus grieve,
While there a younger Davus plays the fool.
Coranus' character and Nasica's
Too often for your welfare do appear.
While from above, unseen by mortal eyes,
Deus ex machinâ oft-times descends.
So one may take his choice and imitate
That one he most admires, or him whose trait
Will bring him soonest to his cherished goal,
Whether by honorable means or not;—
(So low do you sink in your wretched world,
Seeing that wickedness meets with success
Too often, while the just and upright man
Strives on, oppress'd, and braves corruption's curse.)
So shift the scenes and let the tragedy
Or comedy, which is enacted in
Your humble households, play its weighty part;
For one must see how each domestic scene
Bears its importance, surely leading up
To that last moment, when the actor makes
His last appearance and is ushered off
The stage, to change his earthly guise and to
Cast off his artificial complements,
And stand HIMSELF for all eternity."
So, uttering wise words of wisdom sage,
The spirit vanished, but its words remain.

Let this, then, classmates, be my charge to you :
Take heed from all your teachers have described.
Profit from each experience that tells
Of failure and its causes dark and grim.
Follow the precepts of the wise who spake
The Golden Rule, and close observe its parts.
So, warned of wickedness, and fortified
Against the snares of evil, make your bow
Unto the world, and then await attack.
With heart upright and pure, no one need fear.
A blameless conscience knows no shame nor dread.
Remember that an honest man is called
God's noblest work.

And now, comrades, I pray
That fortune favor you, make glad your days,
And bring you stores of happiness for aye ;
'Till in the end, the curtain pall rung down,
The consciousness of duty done is yours.



THE CLASS PROPHECY.

(*Knowledge gives power, power is desirable, therefore knowledge is desirable.—EQUIVOCATION.*)



EXTREME diffidence makes me hesitate in complying with the request of the publishing house of André, Adler & Co., whose publications have now become the admiration of the book-loving world, to write a preface to their new edition of the complete works of "Thos. R. Brown, Poet, Philosopher, Philanthropist." I have been induced to comply by the opportunity thus afforded me to review the early history of this man of mind, my companion in former years.

As President of the Class of 1892, in Johns Hopkins University, Mr. Brown was associated with men who have since become the lights of the world in their respective departments, and as the influence of each individual is plainly traceable in this author's varied work, some account of these former associates will go far to explain the greatness of this divine scintillation, and will hold up a torch by the light of which his work will be most easily read.

The profound philosopher, Mixter, who has so completely expounded the *Fichte*an system that it is now one of the essentials in the education of boys and girls in this 20th century, has, since 1892, written profusely and with unvarying success. The mere mention of his most famous work, "*Fichte in the Nursery*," suffices to recall his service to society. To spread abroad his principles, Mixter, with Glassie and Williams, opened a school of philosophy. Business was at first most prosperous, and large numbers of students flocked to hear the lectures of these learned men. The University, however, remembering the eminent success of Glassie as an instructor in history, called him to an associate professorship in that department. Since his installation, all the junior classes in history have been entrusted to his care. Chewing the cud of meditation, he appears before them inspiring an awe which changes into rapture when he bursts forth into rhapsodic eulogies of Charlemagne or Pepin le Bref. The wine of life was, however, drawn from the school of philosophy on the depar-

ture of Glassie. Fewer and fewer became the pupils, until the two remaining instructors, lecturing at alternate hours to the one remaining subject, brought upon him nervous prostration, which prevented his attendance, and the school was closed until the pupil, then under the care of Dr. Stearns, should have recovered. Meanwhile Mixter has given himself over to literature and journalism. Williams embraced another school of philosophy, the Peripatetic, and having so far mastered its first principle only, the latest account informs us that he is "Walking, Walking." The subsequent history of the pupil who remained faithful to the last may be of general interest. He was the eldest son of a former classmate, now the distinguished novelist Boynton, whose latest book, also from the press of André, Adler & Co., entitled "She, Who Must be Obeyed," has naïvely shown the hopelessness of man's struggle with his better half. Dr. Stearns prescribed a full course in foot-ball and generally agreeable pursuits, with just as little mental work as possible; and in this case, as the doctor holds in every case, the treatment proved a complete success, but the youth has now no hankering for philosophy.

Speaking of Dr. Stearns leads me naturally to a consideration of the contribution which the Class of '92 has made to the medical profession. Behrend, Lothrop, and Stearns have each added an M. D. to their names, and in their respective branches of the science are in the foremost rank. A member of the next succeeding graduating class, quoting from the *Spectator*, has compared these physicians to the British army in Caesar's time, seeing that "some of them slay in chariots and some on foot." His mistake was, however, in supposing any of them to slay on foot, as each carries on that delectable pursuit in his own chariot, with all the outward signs of material prosperity.

Dr. R. C. Stewart must not be overlooked. After leaving the Medical School of Johns Hopkins, where he graduated first in his class, although the leading lady of the class proved a worthy rival, he took up his residence in the country. Those who call upon him will find that Squire Stewart, M. D., is as jovial a host and as comforting a physician as there is in the land.

The calling of A. B. Snively, Ph. D., Government Biologist, is closely allied to that of the physician. This distinguished scientist is at present engaged in killing *amoebae*, which have been a veritable plague. In view of the skill and valor with which he hunts these fierce and dangerous animals, Dr. Snively deserves to be called the Nimrod of his generation.

More peaceful than these has been the lot of Chesnut. Immediately on leaving the University he was absorbed in a large mercantile

establishment as junior partner, from which position his quiet and unobtrusive talents have slowly raised him to the headship of the firm. Amidst all the vicissitudes of commercial life he has pursued an even path, unruffled by crises which would have been fatal to a less equitable and hopeful disposition.

The great socialist Bentley was also among this group of men. Even in those early days a manifest sympathy with the "submerged tenth" gave promise of his future efforts in their behalf; but even we, who knew him, little expected to see him discarding the luxuries which his position would have afforded and sharing the miseries of those to whom his life is devoted. Now he is to be seen dressed in coarsest stuff, meagre from his simple and too sparing diet, daily pleading with almost anarchistic violence for that social reconstruction which shall make our country the paradise of the world's poor.

Social reform has been preached in a more peaceful way by General Abercrombie. The early connection of this philanthropist with the Red Cross League, the First Aid to the Injured Society, etc., prepared him for the work, and he has eclipsed the reputation of his prototype, General Booth, in his successful campaigns against "the strongholds of the Arch Enemy."

That famous little poem of Mr. Brown's, commencing "With a smile that was childlike and bland," is said to have been suggested by the manner in which Greenleaf stepped into fame and fortune. A bonanza heiress, captivated by the ingenuous sweetness of his smile, wrote him: "If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smile becomes thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear, my sweet, I pr'ythee." On reading this, Greenleaf, conversant with the poets, exclaimed: "Jove, I thank thee, I will smile." The ensuing night "he called, he smiled, he conquered"—*Brown*.

In the midst of an active life Mr. Brown has found time to write several dramas of unusual power. These have become well known to the public by their presentation by the company of Mr. Bullock. In his University days the stage was a favorite theme with this actor, and those who see him now in the scene from "Beau John," where he addresses the heroine with so much pathos and ecstatic adoration, find it hard to believe that it is to art and not the fair leading lady, Fella Dox, that so rich a burst of nature-like expression is due. The palmy days of this actor were when associated with Norris. Together they made an extended starring trip over the West,—Norris carrying the humorous parts and Bullock those fitted to his heavier style. The rough miners and even the simple country folk were moved to remarkable exhibitions of feeling!! Norris happening into a village

church one day, with his usual skill began to draw a picture of the preacher, a gaunt, stern-looking man, in whom he soon recognized Latané,

“A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

Norris acted no more, but leaving behind all such mere *shows* of things, he became a member of the congregation, and lives comfortably by his art of drawing--checks on the surplus stored away when he was before the footlights.*

From Latane's church choir are heard the honey-sweet notes of Davis' tenor. No more active man than he. Leader of the choir and superintendent of the Sunday-school, he also provides for his numerous family by teaching the young voice to trill on week-days, and is never so happy as when distributing the rewards of merit in his school or striking a high “C” to the astonishment of his pupils and admirers. This appreciation of his efforts, though late, has made him the soul of contentment.

Throughout all Mr. Brown's work is to be noticed the influence of his ecclesiastical associates. The ties which, though formed so long ago, have been strong enough to hold this class together through so many years, are nowhere so well shown as here.

This influence is easily understood when we recall the name of Charles, Cardinal Peppler. The movement which caused the secession of so many brilliant young men to this Church was headed, as is well known, by Bennett, now Pope Innocent XIV, and embraced Peppler and Roberts. The facile pens of these gentlemen and their powerful arguments from the rostrum—for:

“Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of stick”—*Brown*

soon brought about their rapid promotion.

Yet the duty of a recorder of facts makes it necessary for me to tell of the backslidings of one of these. Roberts was for a period the foremost of them all, but his-old time love of jollity rather outran his fervor, and Pope Bennett was constrained to relieve him of his mitre and those *keys* which he so loved to jingle. Roberts then joined the Mormons, among whom, I hear, he is regarded as a type of the “latter-day saint.”

* Mr. Bullock supplied the place of Norris in his company by securing the services of the Turner brothers, “acrobatic dance artists.” The interest of the audience is never allowed to flag, as the antics of these artists are not to be withheld, even by the gravity of the bald-headed row.

All the energies of this class have not, however, been devoted to intellectual cultivation. The athletic school of Bryan, Stevens and Hewes deserves most honorable mention. Making yearly tours of the larger colleges, these gentlemen are the prime favorites of all college men. After teaching the professional boxers a most wholesome respect for J. H. U. science, Hewes issued his "Boxer's Manual or, Hitting the Bottle." This was followed by "Bryan on the National Game" and Stevens' "Rush the Centre," which have become the textbooks of America's athletic democracy.

If Mr. Brown has a rival in the field of verse, that rival is President Jewett of the Transcontinental Electric. This road, which is the achievement of the century, is the work of the engineers Cox and Waidner. They early saw that the future of railroads lay in the hands of the electricians, and have now belted the world with the flash of their batteries. The president of the road, however, though absorbed in its business management, has devoted much of his leisure to the loves of the Muses, who whisper to him most delicate strains.

Among the books presented by Mr. Brown to his alma-mater none is more highly valued than his well-worn copy of Bump's "Cosmos." In this remarkable book the author brings forward a vast knowledge of "the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the water under the earth," in arguments for his theory of the evolution of journalism. Looking upon the reporter as the earthly representative of the recording angel, he has demonstrated that the reporter of to-day, were it not for the fall of man in the year one, would be "scooping" his neighboring paper, in an interview with Madam Eve and her daughters on the season at Eden.

Reese, Montgomery, and James, realizing that the old order of affairs relegated bashful men to the background, profited by an old college experience and attempted to blow the fragile fabric of government to atoms with an infernal machine of enormous dimensions. They went up in the smoke of the explosion and have not returned.

C. G. and R. W. Baldwin, appreciating their peculiar talents, formed an oratorical partnership. The former, as is well known, revels in the possession of an eloquence in which Demosthenes or Cicero would have gloried. The latter, by a judicious distribution of his two stories, has achieved a great reputation as a *raconteur*. In consequence of this formidable competition Mr. Depew was forced to plead a weak throat and retire from active life.

All who have read Mr. Brown's delightful little romance, "Which is Which?" will be interested to know that the foundation for the whole was the peculiar life of his two friends Gustav and John Stewart.

Being "one face, one voice, one habit, and two persons," these gentlemen decided, on leaving college, to be inseparable in life as in looks, and together entered professional politics. The inconvenient complications arising from their close resemblance soon became almost unbearable. Gustav had persuaded a "sweet eighteen" to name the day, but being ill at the appointed time—John married her. Gustav was elected to a high position, but John—O wily supplanter!—took the oath of office. Retribution, though tardy, was bound to come at last; payment of a large draft on Gustav was forced from John. At present no tranquillity reigns; they have become a pair of logical opposites. Even in political matters they are on opposite sides, and Gustav, making a speech to his country constituency, was followed on the next day by his rival brother John, on the other side. The people, unable to believe in their duality, received John's most partisan flights as the evanescent sentiments of a changing mind, and he was hastily withdrawn from the village under cover of night. In view of this situation Mr. Brown has given their mutual friends the key to their individuality, and has solved the people's puzzle in his "Which is Which?"

In the marble halls of justice no two figures were better known than those of L'Engle and Greenbaum. Of the whole class these two alone embraced the law, and owing to the different nature of their talents they have rivaled each other in eminence. L'Engle's "Theses," in half a dozen stout volumes, have displaced the "Institutes," and in the untimely taking off of this young Justinian the profession suffered a great loss. Soon after the appearance of his great book his whole attention was diverted from the law to political economy, and the mental strain of his discussion with Böhm-Bawerk brought on a fatal attack of brain fever. Greenbaum, the orator—what word of comment can do justice to his flow of ideas or their classic dress? An imposing figure, a mellifluous voice, and the learning of the schoolmen at his fingers' ends, make him graceful, cogent and logical, to the utter confusion of all his opponents, to whom the canons and the valid syllogism are unexplained mysteries.

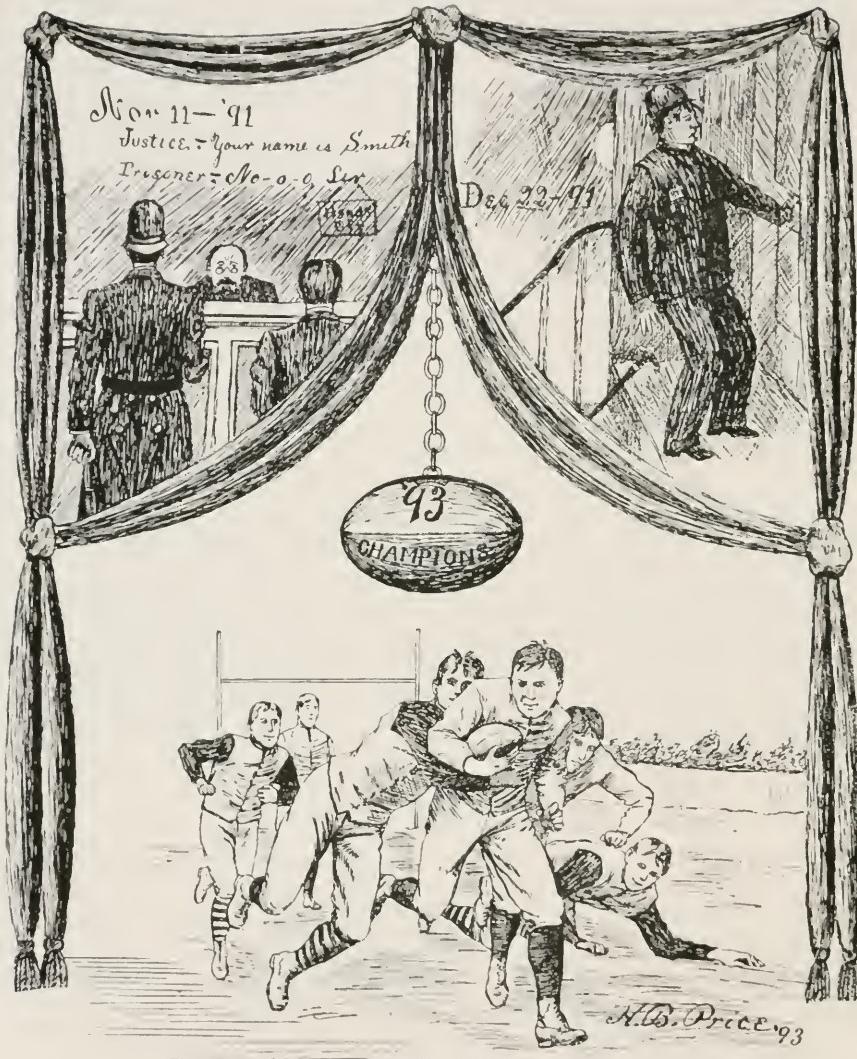
Other members of this class have exerted their influence. There was Johnson the politician, Stern the physicist, Hirsh and Haussman the logicians, etc. Only one more can be noticed. Probably to the readers of Mr. Brown's books no one of his classmates will be more interesting than the distinguished artist, Whitehead, whose name honors so many of the illustrative sketches contained in them. Brush and pencil in his deft fingers have introduced to the world and made famous many of nature's fairest faces. Most of his work is from

nature, and its grace and beauty have justly made him the ideal of the young and fair, who wish to be "*taken*."

With these prefatory words let Mr. Brown's works go before the public. As seen in the light of early influences many obscure passages will be made plain, and however critical the audience of the world at large, the author may have the satisfaction of knowing that there is a group of men whose lives I attempted to portray above, now all greybeards, and many of them bald, by whom these productions will be welcomed as a bright reminiscence of the past,—men whose hearts will glow warmly with the thought of their college days, when they did the dignified part of the program as the senior example to the nauseous *freshmen*, and when they taught an over-jubilant class of juniors that not on the foot-ball field did their glory depend, but on their loyalty to class and the dear old J. H. U.

NOTE.—The Board of Editors wishes to inform the public that the Prophet will have a future, and it takes great pleasure in announcing what will happen to the modest foreteller of what is to come. The publication of this book will bring him into such prominence that he will have no difficulty in obtaining a position on the Weather Bureau. Here he will distinguish himself by accurate predictions, and will retain the place until the improved rain-making machine will render the Prophet a superfluous relic of an effete civilization. Then he will hear that the Sioux Indians desire a new Prophet, and, allured by the prospect of smoking innumerable pipes of peace and leading the Ghost Dance at the fortnightly assemblies, he will betake himself to the Far West and apply for the position. Our artist has pressed the button and done the rest.





CLASS OF '93.

COLORS.—MAROON AND WHITE.

CLASS YELL.

M.—D.—C. C. C.! Hopkins! Hopkins! '93! Hurrah!

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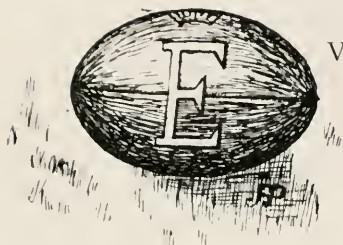
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Francis Albert Killmon.	<i>Greek and Latin.</i>	Maryland.
William Robinson Molinard, <i>A. J. Φ.</i>	<i>Electricity.</i>	Baltimore.
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'93 CLASS HISTORY.

VOL. I., BOOK I., INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.



VERY judicious reader, after some little perusal of this book, will cry out with Puck, "What fools these mortals be!" '92 publishes, with great expense of time, money and labor, a Class Book, and the whole amounts to one continuous glorification of the renowned Class of '93.

Since not everybody in the United States is expected to have read the London *Times* from November 8th to December 6th, 1891, in which the source of the fame of '93 and the manner in which it was acquired was admirably set forth, the present account has seemed desirable, in order that the future biographers of the great men of this Class may receive from it an idea how their heroes behaved, in what company they moved, and how much they have contributed to the amelioration of society during their Junior year. For it is a moral conviction of the Faculty that, should ever football attain that place in the curriculum of the University which it justly deserves, should ever humanity reach that point of culture when all studies center about football, then men like Abercrombie, that genius in administration and government, Hazelton, the famous goal-kicker, second in strength only to Samson, and Smith, swifter than the wind, agile like the chamois, will be to the future student what Aristotle, Kant and Newton are to us.

Shortly after the commencement of the session the 'Varsity team was forced to disband, and as a last resort an inter-class league was brought to light. Two handsome men, Molinard and Mitchell, regarded it as a great honor to have the privilege of training the '93 team. The contests for championship started, November 7th, with a game between them and '92, which resulted in a tie, much to the chagrin of the Seniors. This was followed by the defeat of the Freshmen by '92 to the tune of 12-0, by '93 with a score of 24-6. Ninety-four thereupon thought it better to disappear from the battlefield. On

December 5th the cars running toward Union Park were filled with pretty girls, beautified with all the art which an advanced civilization has developed, every one of them wearing a carnation and a lily, that is, "Maroon and White." The gentle words descending from their coral lips, their bright glances, the rosy hue of their lovely cheeks—all filled the hearts of the '93 men with courage and strength, and seemed so many tokens of a glorious victory. The players lined up. Here and there a fellow looked once more surreptitiously upon the fair lady for whom especially he played, whom alone he wished to please. Time was called, the play began. Running, leaping, fighting, kicking for five minutes and '93 scored a touch-down and a goal. Then '92 scored a touch-down but missed a very easy goal. The second half of the game was not less interesting. The heroes of '93, backed up by Purnell, showed themselves equal to the occasion and brought the ball within a few yards of the goal, when unhappily time was called. Thus the Seniors were overcome, their wisdom increased together with the emptiness of their pocketbooks; the mighty men had fallen and the proud Juniors carried the day, with a score of 6-4. Hurrah!

Not misery only unites man to man; prosperity, happiness will do the same and in a much pleasanter way. '93 demonstrated this when it agreed unanimously to have a supper in honor of the brave team. This symposium, given at the St. James Hotel, was the great event of the year. Since the Class is not in possession of Greek philosophers, Moses turned up with the flock, bringing along the generals Jackson and Lee, and the great artist Haydn. All those present—and it was the greater part of the Junior Class—entered the hall in pairs, with stately steps, rhythmical movements, stern countenances, under the full and rich, the grand and sublime, the solemn and awe-inspiring sounds of the holy hymn, "Johnny, get your gun, gun, gun!"

A wide hall, illumined by the 45 shining lights sent there by the Class, the walls covered with mirrors which reflected the youthful figures and faces, garlands wound in classic fashion around the chandeliers and wreathed around beer-glasses and ginger-ale-bottles, strange plants called "sellery" in preposterous and grotesque vases upon the tables, and before them, here and there, a more familiar animal called "pig"—this was the sight at which, for want of better spectators, the colored waiters and all other partakers gazed in astonishment.

O tempora, o mores—no!—*O ora, o mores!* For Havez's mouth obliged him to drink out of a "sellery" glass 10 inches in diameter, for fear that an ordinary beer-jug might vanish in the huge abyss of

his gormandizing apparatus. He also consented to give his views on the alma-mater; his unquenchable thirst, however, saved the hearers by cutting short his speech. Mullikin, a promising prohibitionist and Sunday-school preacher, made some startling confessions. He narrated that he had been intoxicated—by the beauty of a lady, who visited him in his dreams loaded, actually loaded down by flowers. The lady was the goddess of reward, who allots a mother-in-law to the faithful lover, a bill to the dude, and a championship-monopoly to '93. He was followed by Mr. Noyes, who made with great noise a noisy speech about coal-carts, the moral and climax of which was: Coal-carts are wonders to Hayseeds, but a nuisance to civilized people. Ahrens recited under still more strenuous efforts a pretty piece of poetry which he had learned by rote. The glory of the evening, however, must be awarded equally to Jenny and Haydn, of whose orations the courtesy of the writer bids him to keep silent.

But, dear reader, did you not hear of an article which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, written, on account of the vastness, deepness and the highly interesting features of the theme, by Zola and Dumas in collaboration, and which Sardou is said to be on the point of dramatizing? You did not? No? Well, the article referred to had this heading: "Strange effects which an unprecedented victory of a tennis tournament and the subsequent eulogies had upon a member of the glorious Junior Class of J.H.U. His name is Griffin, alias 'Nightingale,' alias 'John Smith.'" I quote from that: The second title explains itself; the third he received by a certain benevolent institution which nominated him one of its foremost members and inscribed him in its world-renowned register, commonly called "Rogues' Gallery." Since his poetic name (for the griffin is a monster) was not very well suited for the illustrious company in which it was to enter, another name was substituted, which has a peculiar power to call forth thoughts of jails, prisons and similar places of pleasure and sport. His picture was also taken, forming henceforth a worthy pendant to those of actresses and chorus-girls, for it will be admired by "men of station."

However, '93 did by no means spend all its time and energy in games and suppers; it also pursued now and then a little of science, a little of art, and this history would be incomplete if it would not take notice of this fact. Immediately after a club for the cultivation of musical tastes and faculties had been formed, a virtuoso on the hurdy-gurdy was found among the Juniors, under whose leadership they brought nightly serenades to prominent men. These, however, proved inimical to the music of the hurdy-gurdy, and the club failed for lack

of protection. Much to the displeasure of the "gentle Dean," for whom '93 is moving a little too fast, this Class has gained the prize offered by a certain government for the best method of "rushing and breaking up successfully the meetings of obnoxious persons." Killmon's emendations of the MSS of Plautus have been generally admired on account of their ingenuity. He would insert in the place of *furcifer* (scoundrel) and *gladium* (sword) of the MS, *lucifer* and *gladiatorem*, so that henceforth the translation would be as follows: "Pseudolus (in fury, heaping maledictions upon Ballio) 'Ballio, confounded morning-star, go, fetch me my *gladiator* from the wall, he hangs on the hook!'" Poor gladiator! peerless Mr. Killmon!

Alas! the space is limited. O that I could continue my description, could give expression to the feelings of admiration I have for '93. Is this the body of young men which formed in 1890 under so great difficulties into a Class? Is this the Class which was so often defeated in its Freshman year, which was hindered from eating its crackers and drinking its beer? What has become of it? Champion it is in football, champion in tennis, champion in the Gym, and champion in the Lecture room! Its progress is so grand, so swift, so sure, that it is the acme and the climax of all classes which were at the J. H. U., and that it will be to every future class the ideal to follow but which is never to be reached!

NOTE.—The Editors regret exceedingly to announce that until they can have a new font of type cast they shall be forced to suspend the publication of this valuable and interesting work. It will, however, be continued in a series of 16 volumes, adorned with photogravures of the author and his friends in every conceivable attitude; and will maintain throughout the same calm and judicial tone, severe and classical style, chaste and limpid diction, for which the author is justly famous.



THE JUNIOR PROMENADE.

Ne'er answered falsely the studious Purnell,
For he sleeps during session and wakes with the bell.

Havez, the privileged fool of the class,
A fat man, a good man, a dull man—an ass!

Why is Wilmot Griffiss so proud and so vain?
His name is "John Smith," he was baptized again.

Should ever wit be taxed, say, thousand pounds a grain,
Hancock! the State would not from thee a farthing gain.

Nomen est omen! Ancient is that lie,
For though his name is Sparks, was sparkling ne'er his eye.

The nose of Thieme has so sharp an edge,
That when the door was locked he used it for a wedge.

Dear Noyes, you look exactly like James Donkey,
And he like Mickmack, and he—just like a monkey.

That woman is best of whom report knows naught.
Were you a woman, Andrews, your happiness were wrought.

Tall Thomas was too high to be at the top;
His Highness came down, little Lee climbed up.

Lone and haughty rushes Turnbull through the street:
A frog turned bull with self-conceit.

Sonneborn, thou livest! You ought to be hung—
You Dutchy! for murdering the English tongue.

Your weight, nimble Edmondson, can never be increased,
For you are no grave thinker and you'll ne'er be a priest.

For Stonewall Jackson a monument the American people erected,
Simply because his algebra for some time he neglected.
What will you for our Jackson do, good people, let me ask,
Who neglects not one, nay six studies, and ne'er performs his task?

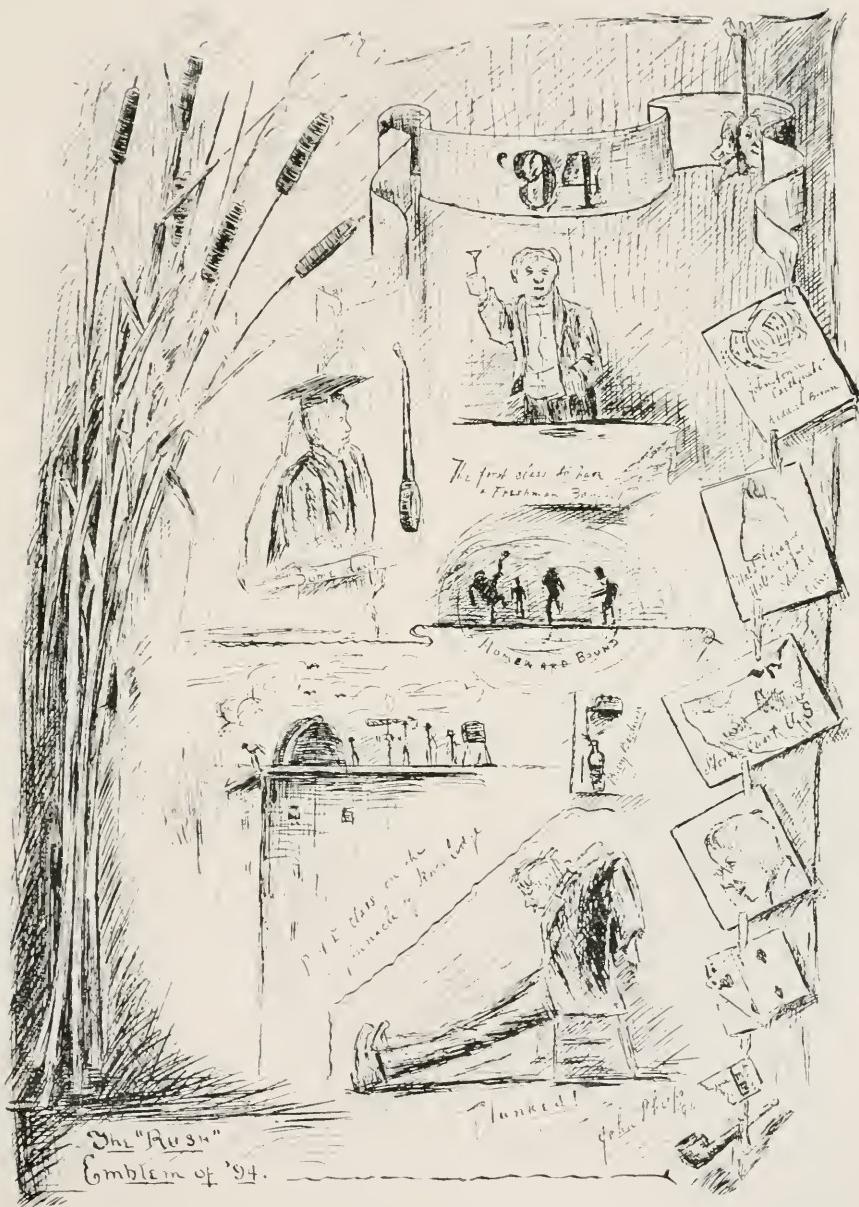
Cameron looks classic, his mouth to an abyss akin,
His chin loves his nose, his nose visits his chin.

Like a seven-storied house is big Thomson. Proof:
Firm footing, filled middle, empty under the roof.

The tennis court is Coburn's residence,
The pipe his passion, slang his eloquence.

Two brothers Penrose, athletes narrow and strong,
Two Ahrens can't speak their mother tongue,
Two Clarks of all grave learning free—
Are the three happy couples of '93.





CLASS OF '94.

COLORS.—SCARLET AND BLACK.

CLASS YELL.

Wah ! Who ! Wah !—Wah ! Who ! Wah !—'94—Ninety-four ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

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Charles Henry Bauch.	<i>Electricity.</i>	Virginia.
Harry Bissing.	<i>Math. and Physics.</i>	Baltimore.
S. William Briscoe, <i>J. & P.</i>	<i>Chemistry.</i>	Baltimore.
Sidney Lorenzo Brock.	<i>Greek and Latin.</i>	Washington.
James Page Brown, <i>J. & P.</i>	<i>History, etc.</i>	Maryland.
John Woodside Corning, <i>P. F. J.</i>	<i>Math. and Physics</i>	Baltimore.
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John Saunders Taylor, <i>J. & P.</i>	<i>Math. and Physics.</i>	Virginia.
Frank McStocker Thomas, <i>P. K. & T.</i>	<i>Math. and Physics.</i>	Penna.
Edward Shriver Tompkins, <i>A. J. & P.</i>	<i>Chemistry, etc.</i>	Baltimore.
Charles Isaac Wendt.	<i>Chemistry, etc.</i>	Pennsylvania.



'94 CLASS HISTORY.

"*O for the pen of an Herodotus.*"



THE most natural and prominent characteristic of a Freshman is self-conceit. That the Freshmen of this year have their share of this becoming article is evinced by upper classmen saying in subdued and fearful whispers to each other, that we are the freshest Freshmen that have ever paid ten dollars for Tommy's cards of introduction to the advisers. And why should we not possess this modest virtue? Surely, nature has been very generous to our Class in the way of numbers, brains, beauty and strength.

One's ideas of his first few days of college life are apt to be quite hazy; his cognomen is known only to the august Ball; he is a nameless nonentity, following sundry badly written directions that "P. H. E. meets on Howard Street." But who of '94 will not forever cherish the fatherly words addressed to us by Uncle Daniel, together with the so-called collation served afterwards in the Gym? It was then that the Freshmen realized for the first time that they were to be labeled '94 for several years to come, and immediately informed every one else of this fact by bursting forth into a melodious yell, which unfortunately relapsed into obscurity several days afterwards. The occasion of such an untimely demise was '94's *first-class* meeting, at which we decided to take '91's colors but refused absolutely to accept their yell, substituting in its place the charmingly harmonious combination of vocal sounds which figures at the head of our Class history.

Me Hercule! how upper-class brawn has degenerated that Freshmen have to do the rushing against, not only Juniors, but also Seniors and even sheepskin-holders! '93 thought they would rush us, didn't they? What a pity it was that the author of "'93's Capture of a Great City" could not write a sequel on the "Capture of College Hall." But '94 and fate decided otherwise, and to recount in an unworthy manner the glorious triumph of '94 is the principal object for which a historian was chosen.

'Smilax,' the perennial, ever-beaming 'Smilax' should go down to posterity as the first hero of '94. For was not 'Smilax' the man who was made by flippant Juniors to perform unseemly and undignified tricks — to stand one-legged upon a stool, which stool being violently abstracted caused him "to deflect from the perpendicular"? The deafening rounds of applause which greeted Mr. Tyson's forcible remark upon tariff reform attracted sundry members of '94, who, not considering his "monoskelic" position as reflecting honor upon the Class, proceeded, much to his regret, to put the Juniors out and pull down his elevated leg, which had grown cramped from disuse. The next scene in the drama of conquest centers in the Gymnasium, where the cowardly and much-taunted Juniors rushed madly against the bulwarks of '94, only to find the majority of themselves in the shape of the rotund Havez promptly sat upon by little "Jimmy," the smallest man in the Class. That afternoon '94 gave a pink-tea within the sacred precincts of College Hall, to which all the University men were cordially invited. Their reception was warm and hospitable. The embryo John Smith was urged to linger after the others had made hasty adieus. Even the policeman and "Assistant President" Myers attempted to call, but '94 was otherwise engaged, and '93 received them informally on the curbstone and, for their amusement, used Justice Hebb's "battering ram." It was a case of "convictions against evictions, objections against ejections," as our conical classmate has worthily said, in his own unique manner. Later in the afternoon, after poor John Smith had received his release, his vocalized enthusiasm and general hilarity procured him a pressing invitation to visit a well-known residence on Pennsylvania Avenue, at which his reception was not quite so cordial nor his departure so precipitous. The tea itself was such a decided success for the receiving party that the Juniors always after greeted us with a low bow, accompanied by the removal of their hats, which salutation we occasionally acknowledged by a condescending nod.

But university life is not composed entirely of gaiety and excitement. Soon we started the regular work, monotonous in the extreme, relieved now and then by some childish amusement, such as handing in papers with much-embellished and variegated slang inscribed thereon, supposed by some to be used in the compilation of a book entitled "Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Universal Slang." One day into P.H.E. there stalked a strange and uncouth figure which filled us with nervous dread. This apparition proceeded to draw forth therm-, bar-, and anem-meters from sundry concealed pockets. He then muttered in

a ghostly whisper, "Rain-fall, low pressure, cyclone," and departed. For two weeks the stranger daily visited P. H. E. and was always received in silence (?) One day he suddenly disappeared and "never came back." There was some talk of asking Dr. Clarke to explain the meaning of these strange visits, but it was deemed best not to interfere with the supernatural.

"Every cloud has a silver lining"; so has the cloud surrounding our efforts on the football field. Freshmen will not cut Lab., and in consequence we had an untrained and entirely unpracticed team to cope with elevens that had practiced every day against unfortunate scrubs. Notwithstanding this, '94 made the best record ever made by a Freshman Class at the J. H. U. To add to '94's trouble, four men who should have played on their team not only played on '93's but won the championship for them. But our "silver lining" was that ever to be remembered, never to be equaled event, "Cottman's run." Right through '93's whole line, almost entirely unaided, dodging some, giving others the shoulder, our illustrious captain at last placed the ball safely behind the goal-posts, having completed the finest run ever made for a *class* championship in the University.

And now we come to that immortal piece of epicurism—the Class banquet. The meeting in the parlor upstairs, the strange and unwary intruder, the beautiful tune by which we ambled to the dining-room, how we went in, how we came out, Dave's irrepressible display of spirits, what an hilariously good time Baldwin had, the wonderful exhibition of oratory, the photos, and, last of all, how we thanked the committee from the fulness of our hearts,—this, the first banquet ever given by a Freshman Class, was a wonderful success, and again '93 respected their bodies too much to interfere.

Previous class historians have recounted the deeds of their classmates in science, art and literature. But all of the deeds and sayings of '94 have been so far-reaching in their results that the world has long since become familiar with them. It would be superfluous to recall to one's recollection Mr. George Dobbin Brown's scholarly monograph on "The Johnstown Earthquake," which obtained such favorable recognition from Dr. Clarke, or Mr. Conrad's recent archaeological discovery, after years of patient research, that Saul was the father of the Hebrews. Mr. Pembroke Thom has achieved such renown as a scientist that he has been requested to repeat in various circles his interesting observations upon co-education in physics. It is needless to say what success Mr. Reizenstein will have in his coming treatise on "Why I disagree with Lessing and

Smith." Mr. Spickler, with the aid of Dr. Schönfeld, has prepared a careful paper on "The Habits and Differences of Domestic Fowl." Pre-eminent among the art treasures of the University are our carefully constructed co-tidal and isothermal maps, which even surpass in originality of design and delicacy of execution the inked bones of the renowned disciples of Prof. Whiteman. In engineering, every one will hail with delight the time when the National Government shall adopt Mr. Horner's bold and fertile scheme for the (moral) improvement of Hellgate. Lastly, we cannot better finish this *r  sum  * than by a passing reference to the artistic horsemanship of Mr. Wickes.

And now what has '94 done for J. H. U.? First of all, she has increased college spirit. She has started co-education on a diminutive scale. She has also supplied the leader and all but three of the men on what it has pleased critics to call the best banjo club in the country, and would have supplied excellent material for the glee club had it not dwindled down to a quartette. Then again she has supplied the best men for the 'Varsity (?) football team and for the athletic exhibition, and has given more men to the Athletic Association than any previous class. Her men will be represented upon the lacrosse and baseball teams both this year and in future years. Moreover, she will undoubtedly have a class baseball team against which nothing will be unable to stand,—no, not even the godlike Davis; and, last of all, she has taught upper class men that Freshmen are not to be utterly despised,—a goodly calendar for a class that has been in existence but six months.



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(Arranged according to the principal subject studied.)

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PHYSICS AND ELECTRICITY.

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		Henry A. Bumstead, A. B.
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W. E. Gaver, M. D.	Richard Lloyd, M. D.
F. D. Gavin, M. D.	A. Mann, A. B.
A. A. Ghriskey, M. D.	Arthur H. Mann, Jr., M. D.
T. C. Gilchrist, M. R. C. S.	W. R. Martin, M. D.
M. S. Goodrich, M. D.	C. O. Miller, M. D.
Nathan R. Gorter, M. D.	Jacob H. Mitnick, M. D.

Aston H. Morgan, M. D.	W. S. Steele, M. D.
Edward R. Owings, M. D.	W. S. Stewart, M. D.
O. G. Ramsay, M. D.	William R. Stokes, M. D.
R. L. Randolph, M. D.	Robert T. Taylor, A. B., M. D.
F. Reinhard, M. D.	W. S. Thayer, M. D.
Hunter Robb, M. D.	James A. Turner, M. D.
H. C. Russell, M. D.	Eugene McE. Van Ness, M. D.
Harry L. Russell, M. S.	J. Whitridge Williams, A. B., M. D.
W. J. Senkler, M. D.	H. B. Wylie, M. D.

GREEK AND LATIN.

FELLOWS,	William A. Harris, A. M. John H. T. Main, A. M. Sidney G. Stacey, A. B.
FELLOWS BY COURTESY,	Harold H. Bedford-Jones, A. M. William L. Devries, A. B., Ph. D. Lewis L. Forman, A. M. Alfred Gudeman, Ph. D. Edward W. Hagarty, A. B. C. W. Emil Miller, Ph. D. John C. Robertson, A. M., Ph. D.
UNIVERSITY SCHOLARS,	Melvin Brandow, A. B. Wallace S. Elden, A. B. William F. Gallaway, A. B. Charles Wm. Johnson, A. B.
John A. Bole, A. B. George M. Bolling, A. B. A. Mitchell Carroll, A. M. Jefferson D. Clark, A. B. Charles S. Estes, A. M. S. Blair Fisher, LL. B. Hugh A. Grey, Jr., A. B. William R. Grey, A. B. Charles H. Hammond, Jr., A. M. J. Miller Hill, A. M. David H. Holmes, A. M. G. Wesley Johnston, A. B.	Tom F. Kane, A. M. Emory B. Lease, A. M. Halsey H. Matteson, A. B. Aaron W. Myers, A. B. William B. Nauts, A. M. Arthur K. Rogers, A. B. James H. M. Sherrill, A. M. Gabriel F. Smith, A. B. Michael A. Stapleton, A. M. John Thorne, A. M. Edward L. White, A. B.

SANSKRIT.

FELLOW,	William W. Baden, A. B., LL. B.
UNIVERSITY SCHOLAR,	David H. Holmes, A. M.

T. Stanley Simonds, A. B.

SEMITIC PHILOLOGY.

FELLOW,	J. Dyneley Prince, A. B.
UNIVERSITY SCHOLAR,	Daniel G. Stevens, A. B.
Immanuel M. Casanowicz.	James L. Smiley, A. B.
William L. Glenn, A. B.	Rev. Joseph V. Tracy, A. B.
Albert J. Leon, Ph. D.	Rev. Edward E. Weaver, A. M.
Rev. Whitford L. McDowell, A. B.	

GERMAN.

FELLOW,	Albert B. Faust, A. B.
FELLOW BY COURTESY,	Bert J. Vos, A. B.
UNIVERSITY SCHOLAR,	Harry M. Ferren, A. B.
Thomas S. Baker, A. B.	Rev. John Sieber, A. B., B. D.
J. Bascom Crenshaw, A. M.	James W. Tupper, A. B.

ENGLISH.

FELLOW,	Frank J. Mather, Jr., A. B.
FELLOWS BY COURTESY,	Thomas P. Harrison, Ph. D.
UNIVERSITY SCHOLARS,	Charles H. Ross, C. E.
Henry M. Belden, A. B.	Alfred J. Shriver, A. B.
William C. Bell, A. B.	Frederick Tupper, Jr., A. B.
Edwin W. Bowen, A. M.	Charles J. West, A. B.
John D. Epes, A. B.	William P. Reeves, A. B.
Joseph H. Gorrell, A. M.	George Shipley, A. M.
Lancelot M. Harris, A. B.	C. Alphonso Smith, A. M.
James P. Kinard.	George W. Smith, A. B., LL. B.
	Frederick H. Sykes, A. M.
	Richard H. Willis, A. M.

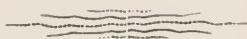
ROMANCE LANGUAGES.

FELLOW,	Julius Blume.
FELLOW BY COURTESY,	Edwin S. Lewis, A. M.
UNIVERSITY SCHOLARS,	George C. Keidel, A. B.
	W. Stuart Symington, A. B.

Ferdinand Bonnotte.	C. Carroll Marden, A. B.
James D. Bruner, A. B.	Louis E. Menger, A. M.
Fonger de Haan.	R. de Poyen-Bellisle, B. ès Lett.
Thomas A. Jenkins, A. B., Ph. B.	James H. Pridgen, A. M.
Rudolph F. Klenner, Ph. D.	Charles F. Woods, Jr., A. B.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

FELLOWS,	Paul E. Lauer, A. M.
UNIVERSITY SCHOLARS,	Michael A. Mikkelsen, A. M.
	Jacob H. Hollander, A. B.
	James A. James, B. L.
	Lucius S. Merriam, B. S.
John S. Bassett, A. B.	William E. McCulloch, A. B.
Charles H. Bayless, A. M.	John W. Million, A. M.
Francis Bullard, A. B.	Isaac E. Neff, A. B.
Thomas N. Carver, A. B.	Rev. James C. Nicholson, A. M.
Rev. Charles C. Cook.	L. Magruder Passano, A. B.
Andrew F. Craven, A. B., LL. B.	John W. Perrin, Ph. B., A. M.
A. G. Fradenburgh, A. B.	Lyman P. Powell, A. B.
David I. Green, B. S., A. M.	Jesse S. Reeves, B. S.
Rev. Adolph Guttmacher, A. B.	Rev. William A. Sadtler, A. M.
Charles H. Hastings, A. B.	William A. Scott, A. M.
George H. Haynes, A. B.	Fred. W. Speirs, B. S.
Rev. J. Fred. Heisse, A. M.	Rev. Harold M. Thurlow, A. B.
Rev. Llewellyn L. Henson, A. M.	Waldo R. Trine, A. B.
Frank I. Herriott, A. B.	Frederick C. Waite, A. B.
R. C. Hollenbaugh, A. M., Ph. D.	Richard Ware, LL. B.
Edwin Holmes, A. B.	Rev. Edward L. Watson, A. B.
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Masanobu Ishizaka, Ph. B.	Ambrose P. Winston, A. B.
Frank S. Israel, B. S.	William W. Wood, A. M.
David Kinley, A. B.	George F. Youmans, B. S.
Alvin F. Lewis, A. M.	



THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President, FABIAN FRANKLIN (Ph. D. 1880).
Vice-President, MAURICE BLOOMFIELD (Ph. D. 1879).
Secretary, J. HEMSLEY JOHNSON (A. B. 1881).
Treasurer, HENRY O. THOMPSON (A. B. 1887).

Executive Committee.

THE OFFICERS AND

JOSEPH S. AMES (A. B. 1886, Ph. D. 1890), JOHN HINKLEY (A. B. 1884).

BALTIMORE, Feb. 28, 1892.

EDITORS OF THE "HULLABALOO."

Gentlemen: The Alumni Association confined itself, in the more infantile part of its existence, to efforts to provide simple food for its members at our afternoon luncheon on Commemoration Day. In 1891, feeling its years increasing, it treated itself to a real grown-up dinner; and afterwards felt so self-satisfied that it determined to do the same thing a great many more times. This year, however, believing itself to be old enough to settle down to the serious affairs of life, it accepted the proposal of the Athletic Association, to which it had previously extended the hand of good-comradeship, to take part in the work of that body, and chose two well qualified representatives as its members of the Advisory Board. This action, I think, indicates that the influence of the Alumni may hereafter be expected to be thrown into the scale in favor of all that makes for the good of the students, and is of the happiest augury for the future of both bodies. The students, constantly passing, as they are, into the ranks of the Alumni, and joining our Association from year to year, will, from this time on, have an organized means of giving proof of that pleasure which every college-bred man feels in the prowess of the younger sons of his Alma Mater. The Athletic Association, too, may hereafter, I feel assured, depend upon the continued and increasing interest of the Alumni in their athletic contests, expressed not only by actual presence at the games, but in more substantial ways.

With the earnest hope that '92 will take this view of the advisability of their entering the ranks of our Association as soon as they graduate, and with happiest wishes for success in all their undertakings,

I am very truly yours,

J. HEMSLEY JOHNSON.

THE '91 ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President, CHARLES F. PAINTER.
Vice-President, JACOB H. HOLLANDER.
Secretary, ALFRED J. SHRIVER.

Although as yet in its infancy, the Alumni Association of the class of '91 has nevertheless grasped, during the few short months of its existence, a staff of success, of amply sufficient strength to lean upon, while it arises to cry aloud and hail with delight and a sincere college affection the approaching initiation of a brother association in the person of the class of '92. We can offer you no more heartfelt good wish than that the same indescribable and mingled feelings of joy and sorrow which filled our breasts, may attend your organization; that the success which it has been our good fortune to enjoy may likewise follow your footsteps when the arms of our dear Alma Mater no longer bind you.

Ninety-one's Alumni Association is a child of the briny deep, first cradled upon the broad bosom of the moonlit Chesapeake. Shall we ever allow the memory of that trip down the Bay to grow dim, dear old classmates? Never, so long as the gladsome sea-nymph, our protecting deity, who prevented poor Grandpop Smith from falling 'cleatless' to the bottom, keeps our heads above water. That tug party, a real inspiration, arranged on the spur of the moment and carried out by the ingenious Shriver, proved most agreeably lasting in its results. It was about eleven o'clock. We were nearing town on our homeward route, and all, wearied from pure enjoyment, had grown quiet. Grouped here and there, we sang or talked in subdued tones. The moon shone bright o'erhead, the water glistened below. Sam had regained his 'cleats.' Brown had consigned his laugh to the coal-hole. Stuart no longer talked through his hat, and Dembitz's Kentucky dialect could be heard droning some ancient Aztec melody between prolonged pulls at a ginger-ale bottle. Suddenly some one, I think Hollander, suggested we should form an Alumni Association. Happy thought! no sooner said than done.

Every one tumbled headlong into the little dining room, and there, huddled together six deep on the floor, chairs and table, hearkened to the voices of the class sages propounding the most fruitful

scheme '91 ever evolved. Painter, Hollander and Shriver were chosen respectively President, Vice-President and Secretary.

Boys, college-mates of '92, that was the happiest week of our lives, as it will be of yours. For joy is rendered all the more perfect if modified by that vague feeling of sadness which one cannot clothe with words. That week of rare sport and good-fellowship is, for us, gone forever. It is now our pleasure to rejoice with you, when in June the end comes for you also, and the sheep of '92 is flayed of his precious skin, while his wool is drawn over the unsuspecting eyes of the faculty.

Our final banquet, last June, was one of unparalleled hilarity, equaled only by our first glorious Alumni banquet just previous to Christmas. Thirty-five old '91 men assembled at the St. James Hotel on the 22d day of December, after six months of separation. We drank, ate, sang, and indulged in delightful reminiscences to our hearts' content.

The boys of '91 are scattered far and wide. A few have returned to the fold of their alma-mater, and of these three help to swell the list of the faculty, while others adorn the graduate departments as only '91 men can. Others are occupied in different pursuits, in law, medicine, pedagogics, etc., and all, we trust, are as prosperous as is their Alumni Association. And now farewell to you, Class of '92, until we meet in '93 at the banquet of the Johns Hopkins Alumni Association.

THE NEW YORK ALUMNI.

The idea of forming a New York branch of the Alumni Association originated about two years ago with Messrs. C. Walter Artz, Burr J. Ramage and Benjamin Tuska. In this work they had the cordial coöperation of Messrs. Fossum, Sihler, MacMahon, Ellinger, Dr. Scott and Mr. Jay Cæsar Guggenheimer (?). A meeting was held in a room in Columbia College, classically called 'Maison de Punk,' to talk over the proposed branch. A constitution was drawn up by two of the originators, but at the meeting only the objects of the Association were discussed. No officers were ever elected, nor constitution adopted, although, as stated before, one was prepared and read. Nevertheless, it was not the purpose of the organizers to let the Association die out, and with them let us hope that in the near future the Alumni Association will have a flourishing branch in New York.

TWO NEW ALUMNI BRANCHES.

The nine alumni of the Johns Hopkins University who are connected with the faculty of the State University in Madison, Wisconsin, met on the morning of February 22 with the view of forming an Association of the Alumni in the Northwest. Mr. Hobbs was made chairman and Mr. Haskins secretary. After the object of the meeting had been stated, it was resolved that a committee of three be appointed to correspond with alumni in the Northwest and invite their coöperation in the formation of a Northwestern Association of Johns Hopkins Alumni. Messrs. Hobbs, Jastrow and Haskins were appointed. It was also resolved to send a telegram to President Gilman announcing their action, which was read at the dinner of the Alumni Association on the same night. The alumni present were G. L. Hendrickson, A. B., '87; H. W. Hillyer, Ph. D., '85; W. H. Hobbs, Ph. D., '88; C. F. Hodge, Ph. D., '89; Joseph Jastrow, Ph. D., '86; H. B. Loomis, Ph. D., '90; F. J. Turner, Ph. D., '90; C. A. Van Velzer, Fellow, '78; and C. H. Haskins, A. B., '87, and Ph. D., '90.

The ranks of the Hopkinsians in California were recruited last year by the transfer of several men to important posts in the faculty of the new Stanford University. It was consequently decided to take steps toward the formation of a branch Alumni Association, and on the afternoon of the Commemoration Day, February 22, at the precise hour of the Alumni banquet at the Merchants' Club, eleven persons assembled at dinner at Berkeley, Cal. No formal organization was made, but the general feeling was that a similar reunion should be made on Commemoration Day of each year. Those present were : Henry Crew (Ph. D., 1887), Lick Observatory ; F. G. Hubbard (Ph. D., 1887), University of California ; A. C. Lawson (Ph. D., 1888), University of California ; F. Lengfeld (Ph. D., 1888), University of California ; W. H. Miller (A. B., 1888), Stanford University ; E. M. Pease (Fellow, 1884-85), Stanford University ; G. M. Richardson (Ph. D., 1890), Stanford University ; C. H. Shinn (A. B., 1884), Niles, Cal.; M. D. Stein (A. B., 1886), Oakland, Cal.; W. I. Stringham (Ph. D., 1880), University of California ; H. A. Todd (Ph. D., 1885), Stanford University.

THE FIRST UNDERGRADUATES.

That a college in the sense in which the term is ordinarily understood was not originally included in the plan of the University as mapped out by the trustees is quite certain. President Gilman states this distinctly in his third report. But at the same time it is also certain that provisions were soon made that the youth of Baltimore might get in this University the training necessary to fit them for its advanced work and not be compelled to go elsewhere. The appointment of Professor C. D. Morris as collegiate professor in September, 1876, but a few months after the formal opening of university work, shows that the trustees soon became alive to the necessity of making some such provision, and the first year shows candidates and matriculates enrolled on the books. Practically, then, the college has been a part of the University from the beginning: a part, too, which seems destined in the near future to outrank in numbers the graduates.

But even if this was true, it was not altogether the same to the few students who graduated in 1879 that it is to the class of '92. In the first place, the matriculates were numerically weaker, not only than they now are, but also much weaker than the graduate students of the day. They felt this; they felt that they were members of an institution founded to do higher work; that theirs was but the work of preparation. And yet nothing was ever done by the authorities to emphasize this fact; all were members of the University, and graduates and matriculates appeared on the roll side by side, not in separate lists, as is the case to-day.

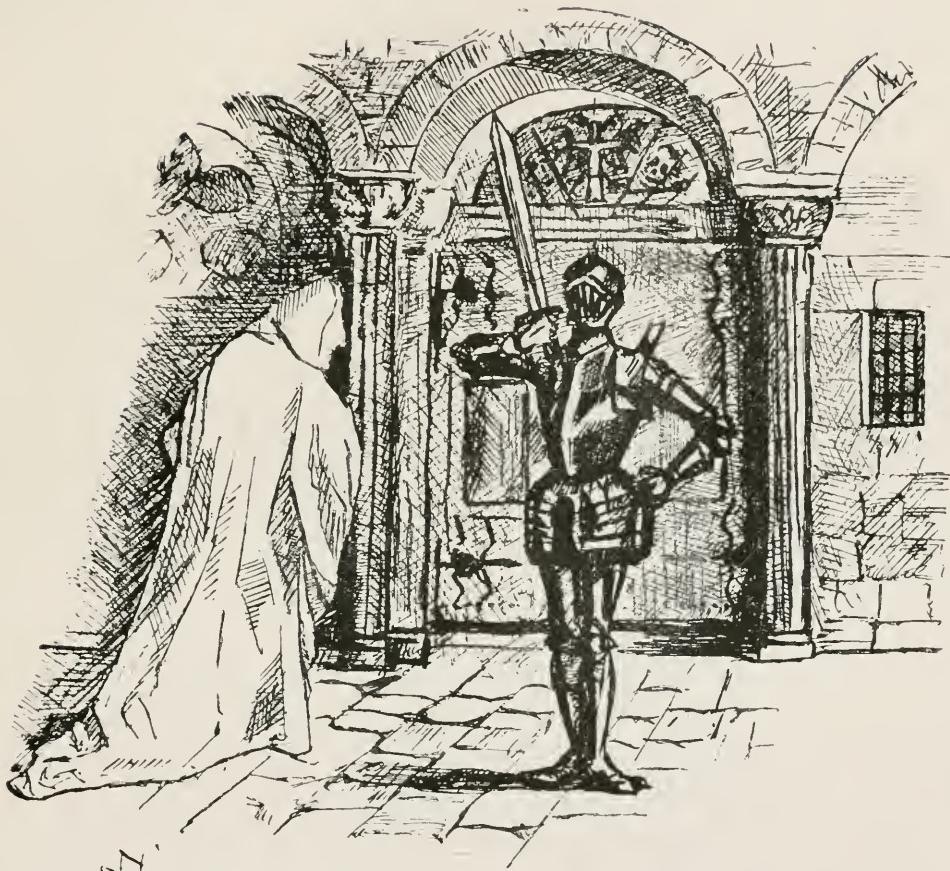
The work of the University was at that time largely tentative. Even where the methods and plans tried had been adopted, the matriculate was often in doubt as to what would be required of him and how long a time it would take. Seven combinations of study were suggested, similar to the seven groups now so familiar to every candidate for the degree of A. B., but the statements made were more general than they now are. There was considerable latitude of selection allowed the student; a member of the first class to graduate went so far as to select Sanskrit as one of his studies, and that young man intended to go into business. In the main, the studies pursued were the same as they now are, but those courses which we abbreviate, like so many names of railroads, into P. H. E. and L. E. P. (combinations which a Loisette, with the contempt for vowels Voltaire ascribed to the etymol-

ogists, might still further abbreviate into the one talismanic word 'Philip'), were at that time unknown as such, although most of the subjects included in them were taught. In the amount of work required there may be some slight differences both for matriculation and for the degree of A. B., but the University has never shown any disposition to cheapen the process of winning her honors, and the most inveterate *laudator temporis acti* could not say that the work done then was superior to that done to-day.

The system of Advisers had been adopted, but there was no Board of Advisers. They had the same duties over against the student, but were not yet regularly organized as they now are. A glance at the list of those instructors of undergraduate classes will reveal the names of many who are no longer connected with the University; in fact, except those heads of departments who have from the beginning taught undergraduates, almost all are now gone. The names of such men as C. D. Morris and Cross in Greek and Latin, Brandt in German, Rabillon in French, Hastings in Physics, Story in Mathematics, Austin Scott in History,—names then so closely identified with the work of undergraduate instruction—have all been replaced by others. And of these men it was especially Professor Morris who was the soul of the college department. The adviser of a few, he was the friend of all. His kindly appreciation of the student's merits, as well as his generous judgment of all evidences of weakness, endeared him to all, and more than one student whose preparation was inferior to his eager desire to enter the University, found in him an advocate to whom his admission and much of his subsequent success was due.

But after all, the most striking point of difference between the matriculates of the first three years and those of to-day lies in the absence of class union, of class feeling. Class yells, class books, class meetings, class officers, all these were unknown; even the secret societies were only beginning to appear and were not the factor in the student's life that they now are. A class cry of '79 would indeed have seemed strange and even presumptuous when as yet no class had been graduated and no one was quite certain when he would win the coveted degree. College life was largely without those experiences and influences for good which spring from the daily contact of student with students, in class-room and out, and which are always cherished in later life among the most precious reminiscences of college days.

EDWARD H. SPIEKER.



S. P. du M.
1891

Die Brüdererschaften

BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.

LIST OF CHAPTERS.

Harvard,	<i>Eta.</i>	Ohio,	<i>Beta Kappa.</i>
Brown,	<i>Kappa.</i>	Western Reserve,	<i>Beta.</i>
Boston,	<i>Upsilon.</i>	Wash.-Jefferson,	<i>Gamma.</i>
Maine State,	<i>Beta Eta.</i>	Ohio Wesleyan,	<i>Theta.</i>
Amherst,	<i>Beta Iota.</i>	Bethany,	<i>Psi.</i>
Dartmouth,	<i>Alpha Omega.</i>	Wittenberg,	<i>Alpha Gamma.</i>
Wesleyan,	<i>Mu Epsilon.</i>	Denison,	<i>Alpha Eta.</i>
Stevens,	<i>Sigma.</i>	Wooster,	<i>Alpha Lambda.</i>
Cornell,	<i>Beta Delta.</i>	Kenyon,	<i>Beta Alpha.</i>
St. Lawrence,	<i>Beta Zeta.</i>	Ohio State,	<i>Theta Delta.</i>
Colgate,	<i>Beta Theta.</i>	De Pauw,	<i>Delta.</i>
Union,	<i>Nu.</i>	Indiana,	<i>Pi.</i>
Columbia,	<i>Alpha Alpha.</i>	Michigan,	<i>Lambda.</i>
Syracuse,	<i>Beta Epsilon.</i>	Wabash,	<i>Tau.</i>
Dickinson,	<i>Alpha Sigma.</i>	Hanover,	<i>Iota.</i>
Johns Hopkins,	<i>Alpha Chi.</i>	Knox,	<i>Alpha Xi.</i>
University of Penna.,	<i>Phi.</i>	Beloit,	<i>Chi.</i>
Pa. State College,	<i>Alpha Upsilon.</i>	Iowa State,	<i>Alpha Beta.</i>
Hampden-Sidney,	<i>Zeta.</i>	Iowa Wesleyan,	<i>Alpha Epsilon.</i>
North Carolina,	<i>Eta Beta.</i>	Wisconsin,	<i>Beta Pi.</i>
Virginia,	<i>Omicron.</i>	Northwestern,	<i>Rho.</i>
Davidson,	<i>Phi Alpha.</i>	Minnesota,	<i>Beta Pi.</i>
Richmond,	<i>Alpha Kappa.</i>	Westminster,	<i>Alpha Delta.</i>
Randolph-Macon,	<i>Xi.</i>	Kansas,	<i>Alpha Nu.</i>
Centre,	<i>Epsilon.</i>	California,	<i>Omega.</i>
Cumberland,	<i>Mu.</i>	Denver,	<i>Alpha Zeta.</i>
Mississippi,	<i>Beta Beta.</i>	Nebraska,	<i>Alpha Tau.</i>
Vanderbilt,	<i>Beta Lambda.</i>	Rutgers,	<i>Beta Gamma.</i>
Texas,	<i>Beta Omicron.</i>	Lehigh,	<i>Beta Chi.</i>
Miami,	<i>Alpha.</i>	Yale,	<i>Phi Chi.</i>
Univ. of Cincinnati,	<i>Beta Nu.</i>		



Dreka Phila

BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.

ALPHA CHI CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1839.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1878.

CHAPTER HOUSE—1032 N. EUTAW STREET.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Chas. G. Baldwin, '92.	Earl P. Lothrop, '92.
Rob't P. Bigelow, S. B.	Chas. W. Newhall, '93.
E. Carl Breithaupt, L. E. L.	Albert M. Reese, '92.
Henry A. Bumstead, A. B.	Brantz M. Roszel, A. B.
Geo. E. Cox, '92.	A. Barr Snively, '92.
Albert B. Faust, A. B.	John S. Stearns, '92.
J. Elliott Gilpin, A. B.	Lester L. Stevens, '92.
P. Hanson Hiss, Jr.	Rob't W. Wood, A. B.
George Le Fevre, A. B.	

ALUMNI AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Wm. W. Baden, A. B.	James L. Lake, A. M.
Thos. S. Baker, A. B.	Hedding B. Leech, Special.
A. Mitchell Carroll, A. M.	Edwin S. Lewis, A. B.
S. Blair Fisher, LL. B.	Jas. A. Lyman, A. B.
Chas. H. Hammond, Jr., A. M.	Wm. J. Martin, M. D.
Theodore Hough, A. B.	Lucius S. Merriam, S. B.
Geo. P. Huhn, B. E. E.	Albert De F. Palmer, Ph. B.
Wm. I. Hull, A. B.	Geo. Shipley, A. M.
Frank S. Israel, A. B.	Fred. W. Speirs, S. B.
Ed. B. Kinder, M. D.	Chas. F. Woods, Jr., A. B.

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E. C. Applegarth,	C. Pliny Brigham,
L. T. Appold,	Walter C. Brigham,
Randolph Barton, Jr.,	Daniel L. Brinton,
Dr. W. S. Bayley,	Frank R. Butler,

Dr. Powhatan Clarke,
R. C. Cole, Jr.,
Vernon Cook,
W. Benton Crisp,
Wm. C. Day,
John W. Dietrick,
T. I. Elliott,
Maurice Fels,
John P. Fleming,
Henry L. Gantt,
Edgar Goodman,
Carl E. Grammer,
Chas. H. Hammond, Jr.,
Wm. A. Hanway,
Wm. B. Harlan,
Dr. Chas. E. Hoch,
J. Hemsley Johnson,
Arthur L. Lamb,
Dr. E. S. Lamdin,
J. R. Larus,
F. S. Lee,
John Loney,
J. D. Lord, Jr.,
John H. Lowe,
Dr. J. N. McKenzie,
Wm. L. Marbury,
Wm. H. Miller,
Waldo Newcomer,
Dr. I. R. Page,
W. W. Patton,
Wm. H. Perkins, Jr.
Jas. Reaney, Jr.,
John G. Sadtler,
Rev. Geo. Scholl,
Sam'l H. Sessions,
Henry Shirk, Jr.,
B. B. Shreeves,
Dr. Chas. E. Simon,
Dr. W. F. Smith,
Willoughby N. Smith,
S. Guy Snowden,
Rev. W. R. Stricklen,
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G. B. Wade,
W. A. Wade,
Wm. S. Watson,
Rev. E. E. Weaver,
Henry H. Wiegand,
L. W. Wilhelm,
Henry W. Williams,
Rev. L. B. Wilson,
Dr. J. R. Winslow,



PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Pennsylvania Alpha,	Washington and Jefferson College,	1852
Virginia Alpha,	University of Virginia,	1853
Virginia Beta,	Washington and Lee University,	1855
Pennsylvania Beta,	Allegheny College,	1855
Pennsylvania Gamma,	Bucknell University,	1855
Pennsylvania Epsilon,	Pennsylvania College,	1855
Virginia Gamma,	Hampden Sidney College,	1855
South Carolina Alpha,	South Carolina University,	1857
Mississippi Alpha,	University of Mississippi,	1857
Pennsylvania Zeta,	Dickinson College,	1859
Pennsylvania Eta,	Franklin and Marshall College,	1860
Ohio Alpha,	Ohio Wesleyan University,	1861
Illinois Alpha,	Northwestern University,	1864
Indiana Alpha,	De Pauw University,	1865
Ohio Beta,	Wittenberg College,	1866
District of Columbia,	Columbian University,	1868
New York Alpha,	Cornell University,	1869
Pennsylvania Theta,	Lafayette College,	1869
Indiana Beta,	Indiana University,	1869
Indiana Gamma,	Wabash College,	1870
Ohio Gamma,	Wooster University,	1871
Wisconsin Alpha,	University of Wisconsin,	1875
Kansas Alpha,	University of Kansas,	1876
Michigan Alpha,	University of Michigan,	1876
Maryland Alpha,	Johns Hopkins University,	1876
Pennsylvania Iota,	University of Pennsylvania,	1877
Ohio Delta,	Ohio State University,	1880
California Alpha,	University of the Pacific,	1881
New York Delta,	Hobart College,	1881
Wisconsin Gamma,	Beloit College,	1881
New York Beta,	University of Syracuse,	1884
Minnesota Beta,	University of Minnesota,	1888
New York Epsilon,	Colgate University,	1887
Pennsylvania Kappa,	Swarthmore College,	1889
West Virginia Alpha,	University of West Virginia,	1890

PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.

MARYLAND ALPHA CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1852.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1879.

CHAPTER HOUSE—914 MCCULLOH STREET.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Michael Alexander Agelasto, '91.	George Stevens Maynard, '93.
William S. Baer, '94.	James Farnandis Mitchell, '91.
Thomas Morris Brown, '91.	Eugene Lindsay Opie, '93.
Henry Fay, Grad.	Thomas Dobbin Penniman, '92.
Wilmot Griffiss, '93.	Robert Charles Reuling, '93.
Daniel Dorsey Guy, '90.	Alan Penniman Smith, Jr., '93.
John Leypold Griffith Lee, '93.	Frank McS. Thomas, '94.
Charles Roy McKay, '92.	William Wallace Whitelock, '90.

MEMBERS ON ACADEMIC STAFF.

J. W. Bright,	M. D. Learned,
E. R. L. Gould,	W. W. Randall,
Woodrow Wilson.	

FRATRES IN URBE.

(Not including Alumni Association names to be found on page 81.)

William Baker, Jr.,	R. M. McLane,
John S. Bridges,	Robt. Magruder,
Alexander Brown,	R. H. Murphy,
E. C. Carrington,	J. G. Pitts,
J. Howell Carroll,	S. Johnson Poe,
P. S. Dickey,	P. M. Prescott,
Fred. Farber,	G. J. Preston,
H. J. Farber,	Albert Ritchie,
B. B. Gordon,	Carroll H. Robinson,
Douglas H. Gordon, Jr.,	H. M. Thomas,
Wm. J. Guard,	P. W. Tunstall,
W. N. Haxall,	W. B. Tunstall,
Sebastian Hodges,	R. M. Venable,
P. M. Leakin,	J. H. Wilmer,
Hiram Woods, Jr.	



Σταύρος

PHI KAPPA PSI ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF MARYLAND.

President,

DANIEL M. MURRAY.

Vice-President,

ISAAC McCURLEY.

Secretary,

W. KENNEDY CROMWELL.

Treasurer,

HAMILTON M. BROWN.

Executive Committee,

HENRY J. BOWDOIN,

CHARLES M. HOWARD,

THOS. K. WORTHINGTON.

MEMBERS.

Wm. H. Bayless,

Alan McLane, Jr.,

Herbert M. Brune,

Robt. M. McLane,

George Carey,

John T. Mason of R.,

Neilson Poe Carey,

George D. Penniman,

Ed. J. Farber,

W. B. D. Penniman,

Charles Frick,

John Pleasants,

D. Sterrett Gittings,

Richard H. Pleasants, Jr.,

W. L. Glenn,

Ralph Robinson,

Julian S. Jones,

H. P. Sadtler,

Benjamin Kurtz,

Abraham Sharp,

F. Albert Kurtz,

S. D. Shoemaker,

Berwick B. Lanier,

Nathan R. Smith,

John F. Williams.

PHI KAPPA PSI ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

Pittsburgh Alumni Association.

New York Alumni Association.

Philadelphia Alumni Association.

Maryland Alumni Association.

Cincinnati Alumni Association.

Springfield (Ohio) Alumni Association.

Cleveland Alumni Association.

Chicago Alumni Association.

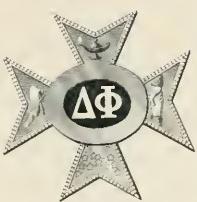
Twin City (Minneapolis and St. Paul) Alumni Association.

Kansas City Alumni Association.

DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha,	Union College,	1827
Beta,	Brown University,	1837
Gamma,	University of the City of New York,	1840
Delta,	Columbia College,	1842
Epsilon,	Rutgers College,	1845
Zeta,	Harvard University,	1845
Eta,	University of Pennsylvania,	1849
Lambda,	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute,	1864
Nu,	Lehigh University,	1883
Xi,	Johns Hopkins University,	1885
Omicron,	Yale University,	1889
Pi,	Cornell University,	1891



DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

XI CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1827.

CHAPTER ESTABLISHED 1885.

CHAPTER HOUSE—935 McCULLOH STREET.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

GRADUATES.

Sidney H. Browne, J. H. U., '91. Philip R. Moâle, J. H. U., '89.
W. Hand Browne, Jr., J. H. U., '90. J. Dyneley Prince, Columbia, '88.
George W. Field, Brown, '87. Alfred M. Randolph, J. H. U., '91.
Samuel V. Hoffman, Stevens, '89. Wm. R. Stokes, U. of Md., '91.
Edw. P. Manning, Brown, '89. W. Stuart Symington, J. H. U., '91.
Eugene McE. Van Ness, U. of Md., '91.

UNDERGRADUATES.

'92.

John B. Whitehead, Jr., Richard Gordon Williams.

'93.

W. Lawrence Clark, S. William Briscoe,
Henry Brooks Price.

'94.

James P. Brown, James Piper,
L. Warrington Cottman, J. Saunders Taylor,
Robert A. Dobbin, Jr., J. Pembroke Thom, Jr.,
Robert B. Parker, Pere Letherbury Wickes, Jr.

FRATRES IN URBE.

A. Duvall Atkinson, Hunter Robb, M. D.,
George W. Dobbin, Edward Rust,
Benj. C. Howard, Ernest Stokes,
Charles McHenry Howard, Thomas Hamson Symington,
Thomas C. Jenkins, Robert Tunstall Taylor, M. D.,
Eugene Levering, Jr., Henry O. Thompson,
H. C. Nitze, Douglass C. Turnbull,
Wm. B. Paca, Ross Winans Whistler,
Alfred Wilmot Pleasants, Thomas Delano Whistler,
Wm. Reed, Thomas Whitridge,
Arnold K. Reese, William Whitridge,
John Whitridge Williams.

ALPHA DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

FOUNDED AT HAMILTON COLLEGE 1832.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Hamilton,	Hamilton College,	1832
Columbia,	Columbia College,	1836
Yale,	Yale University,	1837
Amherst,	Amherst College,	1837
Brunonian,	Brown University,	1837
Harvard,	Harvard University,	1837
Hudson,	Adelbert College,	1841
Bowdoin,	Bowdoin College,	1841
Dartmouth,	Dartmouth College,	1845
Peninsular,	University of Michigan,	1846
Rochester,	University of Rochester,	1850
Williams,	Williams College,	1851
Manhattan,	College of the City of New York,	1855
Middletown,	Wesleyan University,	1856
Kenyon,	Kenyon College,	1858
Union,	Union University,	1859
Cornell,	Cornell University,	1869
Phi Kappa,	Trinity College,	1877
Johns Hopkins,	Johns Hopkins University,	1889
Minnesota,	University of Minnesota,	1892



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ALPHA DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

JOHNS HOPKINS CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1832. CHAPTER FOUNDED 1889.

CHAPTER HOUSE—No. 8 MADISON STREET, WEST.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Daniel C. Gilman,	Joseph S. Ames,	William B. Clark,
Charles L. Poor,	William A. Scott,	George H. Williams.

GRADUATES.

Wm. J. A. Bliss, Harvard, '88.	C. W. Johnson, J. H. U., '91.
Shellman B. Brown, J. H. U., '91.	H. McE. Knower, J. H. U., '90.
Francis Bullard, Harvard, '86.	J. S. Reeves, Amherst, '91.
Wm. Levering Devries, J.H.U., '88.	Wm. Peters Reeves, J. H. U., '89.
Henry S. Gane, Amherst, '91.	B. F. Sharpe, Wesleyan Univ., '87.
Edwin Holmes, Williams, '91.	Charles J. West, J. H. U., '91.
Wm. Rawle Shoemaker, U. S. Naval Academy, '84.	

UNDERGRADUATES.

'92.

George Edward Boynton,	Theodore Woolsey Johnson,
Thomas Richardson Brown,	Gustav Lürman Stewart,
Hugh Judge Jewett, Jr.,	John Stewart, Jr.,
Redmond Conyngham Stewart.	

'93.

Adolf Hall Ahrens,	Rowland White Hodges,
Theodor George Ahrens,	W. Robinson Molinard,
William Steenbergen Blackford,	Douglas Hamilton Thomas, Jr.,
George Stewart Brown,	Edwin Litchfield Turnbull.

'94.

John Griffith Ames, Jr., Harry Taylor Marshall,
Charles Angelo Conrad, Louis Wardlaw Miles,
Benjamin Howell Griswold, Jr., John Eugene Howard Post,
 Edward Shriver Tompkins.

FRATRES IN URBE.

W. H. H. Anderson,	E. Parkin Keech, Jr.,
W. H. Baldwin,	Rev. E. A. Lawrence,
Leigh Bonsal,	Richard H. Lawrence,
Jeffrey R. Brackett,	Rev. Dwight E. Lyman,
Rev. Jno. P. Campbell,	John D. McDonald,
Samuel S. Carroll,	Henry R. Micks,
Bernard M. Carter,	George C. Morrison,
Charles H. Carter,	J. Alexander Preston,
Rev. Geo. C. Carter,	Howard B. Shipley,
Shirley Carter,	C. Bohn Slingluff,
Rev. W. C. Clapp,	J. Donnell Smith,
Samuel C. Donaldson,	C. M. Stewart, Jr.,
B. Howell Griswold,	Henry Stockbridge,
G. Blagden Hazlehurst,	Felix R. Sullivan,
Charles E. Hill,	Rev. W. S. Watkins, Jr.,
G. G. Hooper,	Julian Le Roy White,
Rev. Franklin Wilson.	



PHI GAMMA DELTA.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Massachusetts Inst. of Technology,	Richmond College.
Yale University,	Marietta College.
College City of New York,	Wittenberg College.
Columbia College,	Ohio Wesleyan University.
Colgate University,	Denison University.
Cornell University,	Ohio State University.
Worcester Inst. of Technology,	University of Wooster.
Washington and Jefferson College,	University of Michigan.
University of Pennsylvania,	University of Indiana.
Bucknell University,	De Pauw University.
Pennsylvania College,	Hanover College.
Allegheny College,	Wabash College.
Muhlenberg College,	Illinois Wesleyan University.
Lafayette College,	Knox College.
Lehigh University,	University of Minnesota.
Pennsylvania State College,	Bethel College.
Johns Hopkins University,	University of Tennessee.
North Carolina University,	University of Kansas.
University of Virginia,	Wm. Jewell College.
Roanoke College,	University of California.
Hampden Sidney College,	Leland Stanford Jr. University.
Washington and Lee University.	

PHI GAMMA DELTA.

BETA MU CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1848.

CHAPTER FOUNDED 1891.

CHAPTER ROOMS—703 MADISON AVENUE.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

FRATER IN FACULTATE, David Kinley, Yale, '84.

GRADUATES.

Adelbert Grant Fradenburg, Allegheny, '90.

Frederic Clemson Howe, Allegheny, '89.

Elmer Peter Kohler, Muhlenberg, '89.

Michael Andrew Mikkelsen, Luther, '86.

'92.

Newton Diehl Baker, William Calvin Chesnut.

'93.

John Hooper Edmondson, Charles Edward Phelps, Jr.,

Arthur Douglas Foster, John Hurst Purnell,

Lloyd Lowndes Jackson, Jr., John Ogle Warfield,

James Watts Young.

'94.

John Woodside Corning, James Edmundson Ingram, Jr.,

John Phelps.

FRATRES IN URBE—SOUTHERN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President, W. SCOTT AMOSS.

Vice-President, OTTO B. WEIK.

Secretary, JAMES S. CARR, JR.

Treasurer, FRANK V. RHODES.

MEMBERS.

Rev. Chas. S. Albert,

James H. Giese,

Robert F. Brent,

Alfred B. Giles, M. D.,

James W. Carr, Jr.,

Nathan D. Hynson,

F. Henry Copper,

George E. Ijams,

Chas. H. Dickey,

B. H. Richards,

John E. Etchison,

M. A. Sherretts,

James Swan Frick,

J. Chambers Weeks,

Dr. D. Frank Garland,

Frank West, M. D.



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KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

(SOUTHERN ORDER)

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha,	Washington and Lee University,	1865
Gamma,	University of Georgia,	1868
Delta,	Wofford College,	1869
Epsilon,	Emory College,	1869
Zeta,	Randolph-Macon College,	1869
Eta,	Richmond College,	1870
Iota,	Furman University,	1872
Kappa,	Mercer University,	1873
Lambda,	University of Virginia,	1873
Mu,	Erskine College,	1883
Nu,	Alabama A. and M. College,	1883
Xi,	Southwestern University,	1883
Rho,	University of South Carolina,	1880
Sigma,	Davidson College,	1880
Upsilon,	University of North Carolina,	1881
Phi,	Southern University,	1882
Chi,	Vanderbilt University,	1883
Psi,	Tulane University,	1883
Omega,	Centre College,	1883
Alpha-Alpha,	University of the South,	1884
Alpha-Beta,	University of Alabama,	1885
Alpha-Gamma,	Louisiana State University,	1886
Alpha-Delta,	William Jewell College,	1887
Alpha-Epsilon,	S. W. P. University,	1887
Alpha-Zeta,	William and Mary College,	1890
Alpha-Eta,	Westminster College,	1890
Alpha-Iota,	Centenary College,	1891
Alpha-Kappa,	Missouri State University,	1891
Alpha-Lambda,	Johns Hopkins University,	1891

KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

(SOUTHERN ORDER)

ALPHA-LAMBDA CHAPTER.

FRATERNITY FOUNDED 1865. CHAPTER ESTABLISHED 1891.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

UNDERGRADUATES.

W. A. Montgomery, '92. Hugo P. Thieme, '93.

GRADUATES.

W. C. Bell, A. B.	W. H. Kilpatrick, A. B.
Julius Blume (Royal Academy of Münster).	J. D. McNeel, A. B.
Fonger De Haan (University of Gröningen).	J. H. Pridgen, A. M.
W. A. Harris, A. M.	J. K. S. Ray, A. B.

FRATRES IN URBE.

S. Z. Ammen,	Wm. M. Redwood,
Geo. Snowden Andrews,	John Singleton,
Edwin Burgess,	C. Alphonso Smith,
W. S. Hamilton,	Baker W. Waters,
S. W. Huff,	E. R. Zemp.



MEMBERS OF FRATERNITIES HAVING NO
CHAPTERS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

A. T. Q.

C. F. Barrett, N. A. Patillo,
J. P. Kenard, C. H. Ross,
E. P. Lewis, F. Tupper, Jr.,
M. S. Walker.

J. K. E.

E. T. Allen, P. E. Lauer,
W. A. Bourne, G. C. Price,
G. H. Haynes, E. H. Roberts,
F. R. King, M. A. Stapleton,
J. M. Willard.

J. T. J.

D. H. Holmes, C. R. Keyes,
G. F. Smith.

J. Y.

B. S. Annis, W. T. Ormiston,
C. S. Estes, A. P. Winston.

J. W.

F. J. Mather, Jr.

Z. W.

H. W. Frye, A. K. Rogers.

θ. J. A.

C. A. Borst, A. J. Hopkins,
S. G. Stacey.

I. K. A.

I. K. Hamilton, Jr.

K. *S.*

H. F. Randolph.

Q. *T.* *V.*

H. B. McDonnell.

S. *X.*

C. A. Dugan,
N. C. McPherson,

J. C. Nicholson,
J. C. Robertson.

phi. *B.* *K.*

C. A. Borst,
Alfred Gudeman,
G. H. Haynes,

E. P. Manning,
C. L. Poor,
W. A. Scott,

R. L. Slagle.

phi. *L.* *theta.*

J. F. Heisse,
J. M. Hill,
W. W. Landis,

I. E. Neff,
L. P. Powell,
Jesse Woodward.

X. *phi.*

Joshua Horner, Jr.,

A. M. Muckenfuss,
J. C. Powell.

X. *psi.*

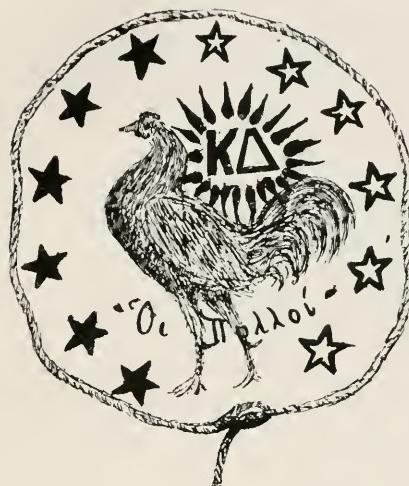
Melvin Brandow.

psi. *r.*

F. E. Goodell,

U. S. Grant.

SENIOR SOCIETY.



FOUNDED MARCH, 1892.

Colors—Crimson and Gold.

'Oὐαὶ Πολλοῖ.'

1892.

T. R. Brown,

J. F. Norris,

L. E. Greenbaum,

W. M. Roberts,

J. E. Hewes,

G. L. Stewart,

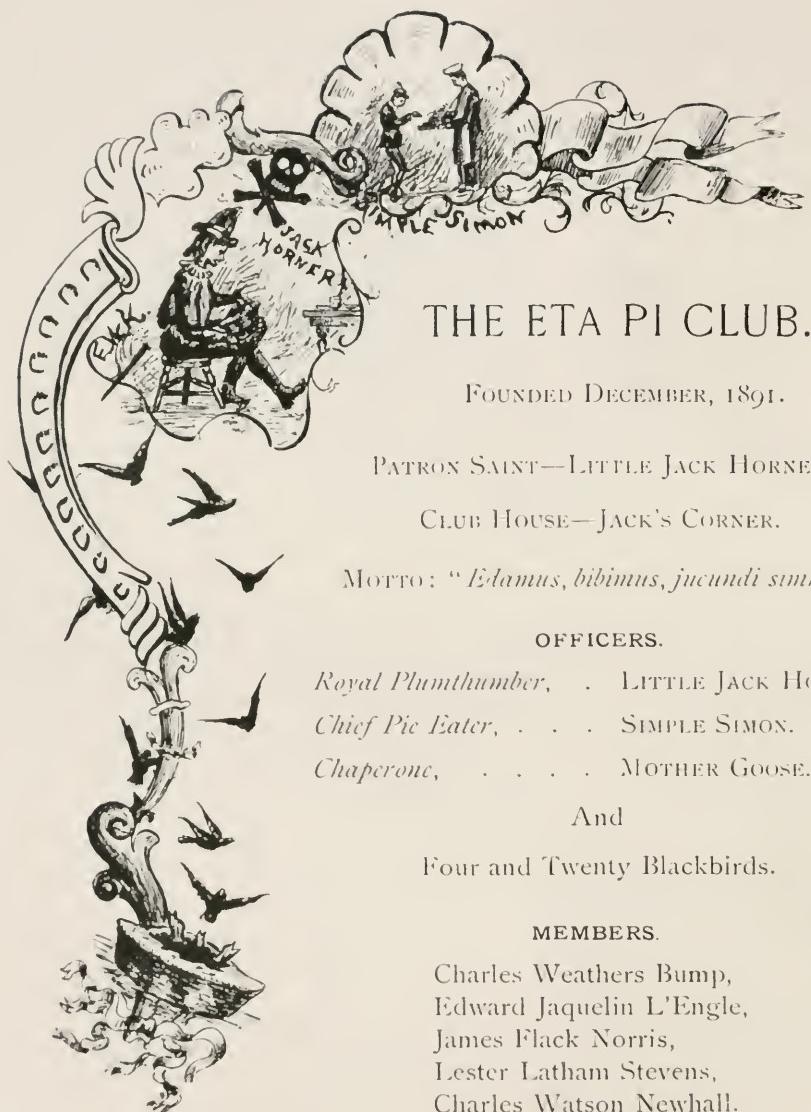
H. J. Jewett, Jr.,

J. Stewart, Jr.

J. H. Latané,

R. C. Stewart,

R. Gordon Williams.



THE ETA PI CLUB.

FOUNDED DECEMBER, 1891.

PATRON SAINT—LITTLE JACK HORNER.

CLUB HOUSE—JACK'S CORNER.

MOTTO: "*Edamus, bibimus, jucundi simus.*"

OFFICERS.

Royal Plumthumber, . . . LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Chief Pie Eater, . . . SIMPLE SIMON.

Chaperone, . . . MOTHER GOOSE.

And

Four and Twenty Blackbirds.

MEMBERS.

Charles Weathers Bump,

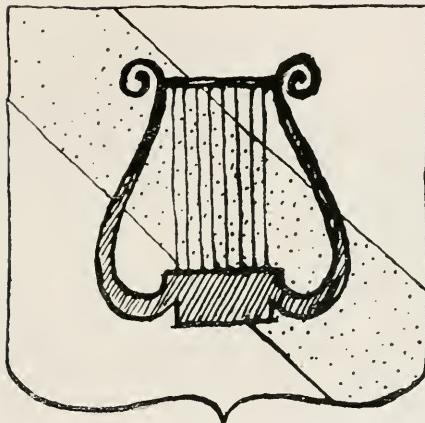
Edward Jaquelin L'Engle,

James Flack Norris,

Lester Latham Stevens,

Charles Watson Newhall.

ANANIAS SOCIETY.



Sanguine: A Lyre (proper) rampant on a Bend=or.

Motto—"Let fa(w)ncy unmolested reign."

Colors—Black and white (mostly black).

YE LYRE ATTUNED.

YE REVERED AND VENERATED EXAGGERATOR, His Holiness, THE POPE.

YE LIARS OUT OF TUNE.

YE RECKLESS MAGNIFIER,	.	.	.	"The Scorpion."
YE ASPIRING PREVARICATOR,	.	.	.	"The Baron."
YE MILD EMBELLISHER,	.	.	.	"Julep."
YE DORMANT DECEIVER,	.	.	.	"Amelia."
YE IMPARTIAL ADJUDICATOR,	.	.	.	Just "Sam."

ILLUSTRIOS PREDECESSORS.

HERODOTUS OF HALICARNASSUS. SAPPHIRA.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE. BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

ELI PERKINS.

ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

E. WILLIAM NYE, Esq.

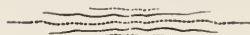
SIGMA TAU KAPPA CLUB.

PAST MEMBERS.

H. Burrough, Jr.,	A. L. Browne,
G. H. Gilman,	J. A. Emery,
C. M. Stewart, Jr.	

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

J. S. Ames,	Francis Bullard,
W. J. A. Bliss,	S. V. Hoffman,
A. M. Randolph, Jr.	



DE GANG.

FOUNDEDERED 1891.

DE BOSS,	"Who runs dis gang?"
DE SPIDER,	"Watch him twist his feet."
DE HOWLER,	So low (dat ye can't hear (?) him).

TOOT ENSCRAMBLE.

SWIPSEY, OLD BOY,	Pip.
JOHN THOMAS,	NUGGINS.
BUGSEY,	Too Late.
& de udders.	

Fortnightly recitals at the "Monumental."

"Don't ye wish ye were wid us?"





EDMONDSON BROCK.

REQUARDT.

MOLINARD
WICKES,
DORRIN.

WILLIAMS.
MARSHALL.
PIPER.

BANJO CLUB.

Manager, DOUGLAS H. THOMAS, JR.
Director, PERE L. WICKES, JR.

Banjeaurines.

Pere L. Wickes, Jr., '94, William W. Requardt, '94,
Harry T. Marshall, '94.

Piccolo Banjo.

George W. Dobbin, Jr., '91.

Banjos.

J. Hooper Edmondson, '93, James Piper, Jr., '94.

Guitars.

R. Gordon Williams, '92, W. Robinson Molinard, '93,
Sidney L. Brock, '94.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

First Mandolin, Sidney L. Brock, '94.

Second Mandolin, W. R. Molinard, '93.

Banjeaurine, Pere L. Wickes, Jr., '94.

Guitar, R. Gordon Williams, '92.

QUARTETTE.

Wilmot Griffiss, *First Tenor.*

Edwin Holmes, *Second Tenor.*

Neilson P. Carey, *First Bass.*

Alfred M. Randolph, Jr., *Second Bass.*



AT THE HOP

THE MATRICULATE SOCIETY.

<i>President</i> ,	THOS. R. BROWN, '92.
<i>Vice-President</i> ,	GEORGE S. BROWN, '92,
<i>Secretary</i> ,	JOHN B. WHITEHEAD, '92.
<i>Board of Directors</i> ,	{ THE OFFICERS, HUGH J. JEWETT, '92, DOUGLAS H. THOMAS, '93, WILLIAM S. BLACKFORD, '93, L. WARRINGTON COTTMAN, '94.

Chaperones.

Mrs. T. R. Brown,	Mrs. D. H. Thomas,
Mrs. Wm. Blackford,	Mrs. J. H. Cottman,
Mrs. Neilson Poe,	Mrs. Edw. Shippen,
Mrs. G. A. Ahrens,	Mrs. Robt. Marye.



HE Matriculate Society of the Johns Hopkins University, one of the oldest landmarks of the place, was founded late in the nineteenth century.

Of its origin but little is known. Some assert that two gentlemen, to wit, Devries and Morrison, desiring to improve their eccentric and peculiarly original methods of locomotion, founded the Matriculate Society

as a means to obtain that end; and we now proudly point out these two and their present graceful methods of perambulation as evidences of what the Society can do.

Others, however, assert that its origin is entirely classic; that the classical students, desiring to simulate the ape, "qui saltavit in conventu bestiarum," whose entire history and life-work is recorded in a most interesting manner in 'Gildersleeve's Latin Primer,' determined



also to get up 'Hops.' In this case, however, with the exception of a few 'bucks' and 'goats,' the assemblage was to be entirely human.

Although its origin be shrouded in deepest mystery, yet in its growth and development there exists no element of doubt or of uncertainty.

The Society has grown in popularity, year by year, until now it has reached the zenith of its prosperity, notwithstanding the prophecy of our distinguished predecessor, the Class of '91, which thought that, after their departure, the Hopkins would be but a yawning chasm of emptiness in the social line.

Four dances have already been given this year, and, if one may judge by the "Oh do, please, have another soon—they're just lovely!" of the girls and the readiness (?) with which the almighty dollar was handed over by the fellows, they were successful in the highest degree.

The directors have introduced the idea of having chaperones invited each time, and the popularity among the girls of this move is shown by the increased attendance of the fair sex.

As the curtain descends upon this, the most successful year in the history of the Society, and the forms of the '92 directors vanish in the distance, let us hope that, when the curtain rises, it may disclose a board of '93 directors who will continue the good work, a social as well as an intellectual power in society; and, if this turns out in this way, a few of our old scores against the Junior Class will be rubbed off.





HOPKINS HOUSE OF COMMONS.

<i>Speaker</i> ,	JOHN H. LATANÉ.
<i>Prime Minister</i> ,	FRED. TUPPER, JR.
<i>Home Secretary</i> ,	CHARLES W. BUMP.
<i>Foreign Secretary</i> ,	E. J. L'ENGLE.
<i>Clerk</i> ,	JAS. F. NORRIS.
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> ,	H. H. GLASSIE.

During the past year the Hopkins House of Commons, repeating the triumphs of former times, has proceeded on its slow and measured course, encountering few obstacles and sustaining no defeats. The House has been so pleased with the policy of the Ministry that the country's interests have been left for weeks at a time in its hands without supervision or inspection. The Speaker has been very successful in calling the House to order and adjourning it for indefinite periods. Owing to the inclement weather, the gallery of the House has not been crowded, and the Ministry had plenty of room on the floor to seat all its supporters. The number necessary to form a quorum has been reduced by a recent statute, and three members can

hereafter hold a meeting, elect officers and disburse the assets of the Association. By another act the franchise has been widely extended, and the House is now "a representation of the people at large, and no longer of a small and dwindling oligarchy of a few borough-owners" (Emmott). With all these advantages there have been a few drawbacks. Several of the prominent members have been elected to seats in the male ward of the Government Asylum of the Sandwich Islands, and others have received calls from gas companies which desire to provide their consumers with brilliant natural gas. The Sergeant-at-arms has performed his arduous duties with honor to himself and his assistants, who included the Baltimore police and a detachment from the regular army. A Librarian has been appointed to catalogue the books of the House, which include a well-thumbed copy of William Roberts' 'Rules of Order and the Contrapositive,' an elegantly bound edition of Bartender's 'Mixed Drinks,' and Stewart's new book, entitled 'Humorous Masterpieces; or, the Secret of 56.' A monster petition, signed by thousands of names, in favor of the abolition of examinations, was presented at the last meeting, but action on it will be postponed until the results of the next few weeks have been announced. Early in the winter a vigorous movement in favor of the Australian ballot system was inaugurated, but owing to the fact that one member of the House has been ill, a quorum has not yet been obtained to act further in the matter.

There is no better school of eloquence in America than our House, which will not be adequately esteemed until Chesnut's 'Points of Information' shall have become a standard authority and Sonneborn's speeches be recognized as linguistic marvels. This should not discourage the members, but only furnish an additional stimulus. We hope that the meetings next year will be even better attended than at present; that the same elaborate care will be taken in the preparation of speeches, and the same profound interest shown in their delivery. The House of Commons is an august body, which was not born to die; like the English Constitution, its continuity has never been broken since its foundation by one of whom we all are justly proud; like intuitive space-perception, it is always with us; and hoping that it may soon achieve greatness and not stop short never to move again, we call for the previous question and declare the House adjourned until October 1, 1892, when we will reassemble to legislate for mankind and a few others.

THE GRADUATE STUDENTS' ASS'N.

The Graduate Students' Association is an association for the election of officers for the Graduate Students' Association. Every graduate student is, *ipso facto*, a member and eligible to office. Membership can be avoided only by death or withdrawal from the University.

The Association is now two years old. It has held one combination tea meeting and magic-lantern show, which completely did away with the apprehension that it might promote sociability. Henceforth no one need dread the introduction of questionable and foreign customs,—above all, of the German Kneipe, which is responsible for such breadth of vision and rude awakening of ideas.

OFFICERS.

<i>Honorary President,</i>	PROFESSOR HERBERT B. ADAMS.
<i>President,</i>	JOHN H. T. MAIN.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	WILLIAM I. HULL.
<i>Secretary,</i>	ROSS G. HARRISON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	THOMAS S. BAKER.

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<i>Chemistry,</i>	J. Elliott Gilpin.
<i>Geology,</i>	Francis P. King.
<i>Biology,</i>	Ross G. Harrison.
<i>Physics,</i>	George O. Squier.
<i>Mathematics,</i>	Edward P. Manning.
<i>English,</i>	Frank J. Mather, Jr.
<i>History,</i>	James A. James.
<i>German,</i>	Albert B. Faust.
<i>Greek,</i>	John H. T. Main.
<i>Latin,</i>	Sidney G. Stacey.
<i>Sanskrit,</i>	William W. Baden.
<i>Romance Languages,</i>	Julius Blume.
<i>Semitic Languages,</i>	J. Dyneley Prince.
<i>Pathology,</i>	Simon Flexner.

COMMITTEES.

On International Relations.

Julius Blume, David Kinley,
 Frank J. Mather, Jr.

On National Relations.

James A. James, W. H. Kilpatrick,
 George W. Smith.

On Social Relations.

Robert P. Bigelow, Ulysses S. Grant,
Julius Blume, Edwin Holmes,
Albert B. Faust, Sidney G. Stacey.

HOPKINS HOSPITAL SOCIETIES.

HOSPITAL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

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Secretary, DR. HUNTER ROBB.

HOSPITAL HISTORICAL CLUB.

President, DR. HENRY M. HURD.
Secretary, DR. J. M. T. FINNEY.

HOSPITAL JOURNAL CLUB.

President, DR. GEORGE H. F. NUTTALL.

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Vice-President, DR. H. A. LAFLEUR.
Secretary and Treasurer, DR. W. S. THAYER.
Historian, DR. F. R. SMITH.
Executive Committee, { THE PRESIDENT AND SEC'Y.
 DR. G. H. T. NUTTALL.
 DR. J. HEWETSON.

SOCIETIES OF VARIOUS SORTS.

Y. M. C. A.

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<i>Vice-President,</i>	JAMES A. JAMES.
<i>Corresponding Secretary,</i>	A. MITCHELL CARROLL.
<i>Recording Secretary,</i>	WILLIAM F. GALLAWAY.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	FRANK F. ALMY.
<i>Librarian and Curator,</i>	D. E. ROBERTS.
<i>Executive Council,</i>	{ PROF. G. H. EMMOTT, CHARLES W. BUMP, JAMES W. YOUNG, H. W. SMITH.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

BALTIMORE BRANCH.

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<i>Delegates to the Council,</i>	{ DAVID S. BARTLETT, A. L. FROTHINGHAM, JR.

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<i>Chairman of Zoölogical Section,</i>	G. W. FIELD.
<i>Chairman of Botanical Section,</i>	BASIL SOLLERS.
<i>Chairman of Geological Section,</i>	DR. G. H. WILLIAMS.
<i>Chairman of Clifton Section,</i>	P. HANSON HISS, JR.

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<i>President,</i>	PROF. BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	Skipwith Wilmer.
<i>Secretary,</i>	PROF. H. B. ADAMS.
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<i>President,</i>	DR. H. N. MORSE.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	DR. W. B. CLARK.
<i>Secretary,</i>	DR. E. A. ANDREWS.

PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

<i>President,</i>	PROF. BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.
<i>Secretary,</i>	DR. EDWARD SPIEKER.

ROMANCE LANGUAGE CLUB.

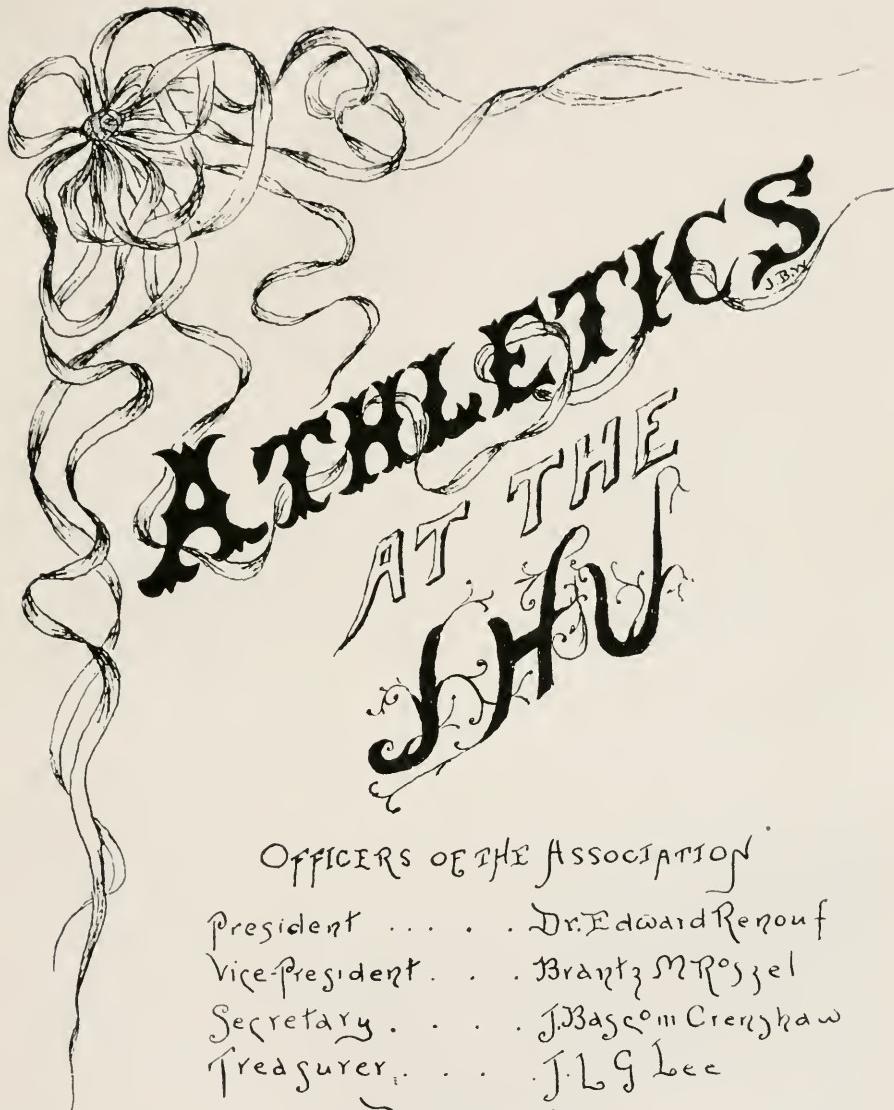
<i>President,</i>	PROF. A. M. ELLIOTT.
<i>Secretary,</i>	JULIUS BLUME.

MATHEMATICAL SEMINARY.

<i>Directors,</i>	{ DR. THOMAS CRAIG, DR. CHARLES CHAPMAN.
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HISTORICAL SEMINARY.

<i>Director,</i>	PROF. H. B. ADAMS.
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ATHLETICS AT THE JAU

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

President Dr. Edward Renouf
Vice-President . . . Brantz M. Roszel
Secretary . . . J. Bascom Crenshaw
Treasurer . . . J. L. G. Lee

DIRECTORS.

The Officers and
J. E. Hewes, E. P. Lothrop, J. S. Stearns
H. J. Jewett, Jr., T. M. Brown

A T H L E T I C S .



OSSIBLY to many others, but certainly to the Freshmen, the most interesting feature in the history of Johns Hopkins athletics during the past year lies in the fact that, tired of winning crowns of victory upon the field of sport, our athletes betook themselves to 'institutional reforms.' Deprived of representation in the Board of Directors by the 'suffrage of a free people,' it was felt by many that the 'freshies' had been unjustly treated, and that a new constitution should be adopted which should prohibit any future politico-athletic manœuvres for the balance of power. Accordingly a committee of distinguished citizens were appointed and hied themselves to the opera-box to evolve from their past, present and future experience that marvellous fabric of toil and paper which was adopted unanimously in January.

Seriously speaking, however, the new constitution is a document of great importance in the history of University athletics, because of the introduction of two new provisions which should have a marked influence upon our future athletic career. First, it has arranged the representation of the various classes on the Board of Directors according to a graduated scale of seniority and consequent experience. This is certainly a wise change and one that will prohibit in the future any of that neglect from which '92 suffered in the first two years of its corporate existence. Secondly, it introduces here an Alumni Advisory Committee similar to those which have so well cared for the financial side of Northern college athletics. The good effects of such a provision are to be seen already in the grant kindly voted us by the Alumni Association at its February meeting. It could not have been successful five years ago, for it needed among the Alumni the presence of men who had played on our teams or cheered for them and knew what they needed to place them on an athletic footing equal to our educational prominence. Henceforth, when our representatives on the field of sport undertake to do battle for the athletic fame of the

J. H. U., they will know that they are supported by the greater part of our Alumni, instead of a mere handful of undergraduates. There is still an element lacking, however, to a certain extent, in the crowd that fringes the terrace at Clifton or edges to the ropes at Oriole or Union Park, and that element is the graduate students. Their active participation in the doings of the Athletic Association is the one thing needed for our permanent success, and surely they can spare to the athletics of their adopted mother a fair share of that interest which they still maintain for the contests of their first alma-mater.

The histories of our lacrosse and baseball teams during the past year are given in separate articles in this portion of the book, as are also sketches of the Tramp Club and Fencing Club. The House Committee, that 'child of the faculty,' has pursued the even tenor of its way, unmolested by any duties whatsoever, except that of writing monthly announcements that "the Gym. will be closed this afternoon on account of the dance to-night." The committee, however, did hold one very important meeting this year, at which they drew up a series of 'non-eating resolutions,' for the guidance of the unwary in the disposal of their lunches.

The football season last fall, from the University point of view, was rather short. In fact, it lasted about seven days. Our prospects at the opening of the academic year were never brighter. Material for backs was plentiful, and there seemed to be any number of giants available for a heavy rush-line. In addition, the diplomacy of Dr. Renouf and Slick had secured 'Peter' Poe to train the eleven, and great things were expected from the introduction of Princeton tactics here. After two days of insufficient practice, the aggregation assembled one October morning at Union Station and departed for Carlisle, where they received a warm welcome from the Titans that Dickinson had gathered to greet them. 54-0 would look well at the beginning of this article, but for reasons that are obvious the use of such a headline would be decidedly out of place for the present. Possibly we can collect good men enough some day to even up accounts.

The disbandment of the University team, after its short and hard career, left a place vacant in our fall sports, that was filled by the reorganization of the Interclass League. For a further continuation of the history of this body we refer you to the records of a certain ignoble Class, to be found elsewhere. Suffice it to say, that though '92's team did not win the championship, it made such a gallant struggle for it, under peculiarly unfortunate circumstances, that it is entitled to fully as much credit as the victorious 'electrical eleven.'



LACROSSE TEAM.

1891.

Captain, B. M. Roszel, '89.

Manager, C. M. Stewart, Jr., '91.

COMMITTEE.

B. M. Roszel, '89, W. Stuart Symington, '91, C. M. Stewart, Jr., '91.

TEAM.

J. F. Mitchell, '91, <i>Goal.</i>	T. F. P. Cameron, '93, <i>Centre.</i>
T. D. Penniman, '92, <i>Point.</i>	B. M. Roszel, '89, <i>3d Attack.</i>
C. S. Watts, '90, <i>Cover Point.</i>	W. S. Symington, Jr., '91, <i>2d Attack.</i>
F. F. Briggs, '91, <i>1st Defence.</i>	G. C. Morrison, '90, <i>1st Attack.</i>
C. M. Stewart, Jr., '91, <i>2d Defence.</i>	W. J. Morris, '93, <i>Out Home.</i>
F. K. Cameron, '91, <i>3d Defence</i>	L. W. Cottman, '94, <i>In Home.</i>

Sidney M. Cone, *Field Captain.*

SUBSTITUTE

John R. Abercrombie, '92.

1892.

Captain, B. M. Roszel, '89.

Manager, J. L. G. Lee, '93.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Lehigh,	5-2.
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Stevens Institute,	7-1.

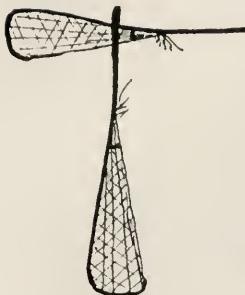
PRACTICE GAMES.

Hopkins <i>vs.</i> University of Pennsylvania, . .	4-0.
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Schuylkill Navy Athletic Club,	6-1.
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> University of Pennsylvania, . .	6-0.
Hopkins <i>vs.</i> Schuylkill Navy Athletic Club,	0-3.



L.F.F. F. K. CAMERON. SYMINGTON. PINNMAN. BRIGGS.
T. F. CAMERON. ROZEL. MITCHELL. ABERCROMBIE.
GOTTMAN. STEWART. MORRISON. MORRIS.

OUR LACROSSE CHAMPIONS.



THE lacrosse season of 1891 is memorable in Hopkins athletic annals as the first occasion on which distinction was attained in intercollegiate athletics. The championship of the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association was won by decisive victories over Lehigh University, last year's champions, and Stevens Institute, on May 16 and 23 respectively. Practice games were also taken from the University of Pennsylvania and the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy of Philadelphia. Distressing reluctance to cancel a poorly selected date obliged the managers of the team to send an interesting aggregate of lacrosse sticks and players in embryo to finish a return game with the latter organization, and to be ground fine to the ratio of one to three. Including this final display, the series sums up: Games won, 5; games lost, 1; goals scored, 28; goals lost, 7.

The history of the season is a story of fair training, hard regular practice, and persistent, judicious captaining, unmarred by the abnormal self-satisfaction that proved so fatal a handicap upon last year's team. While eminently satisfactory in itself, its most encouraging aspect is in indicating of what things athletic the University is really capable.

Lacrosse enthusiasm may be said to have reached its lowest point at the close of the season of 1890. It had become generally recognized that unusual local opportunities make lacrosse the only game in which the Hopkins could hope to gain anything like fitting rank among sister institutions. When, therefore, with a team stronger apparently than was possible at any future time, the championship was lost, and by two defeats, a deep conviction prevailed that the best thing to be done was to abandon all team sports and cultivate croquet. Under such discouraging conditions, Captain Roszel set to work to evolve a team. The absence of Cone, R. Baldwin and Tom Symington left great gaps which even such promising material as we did have seemed hardly adequate to fill. Some of the men were playing their first season, and Mitchell was actually given a stick barely three weeks before the Lehigh game.

The results of the practice games, although not phenomenal, were, on the whole, encouraging. Larger scores had been made in the pre-

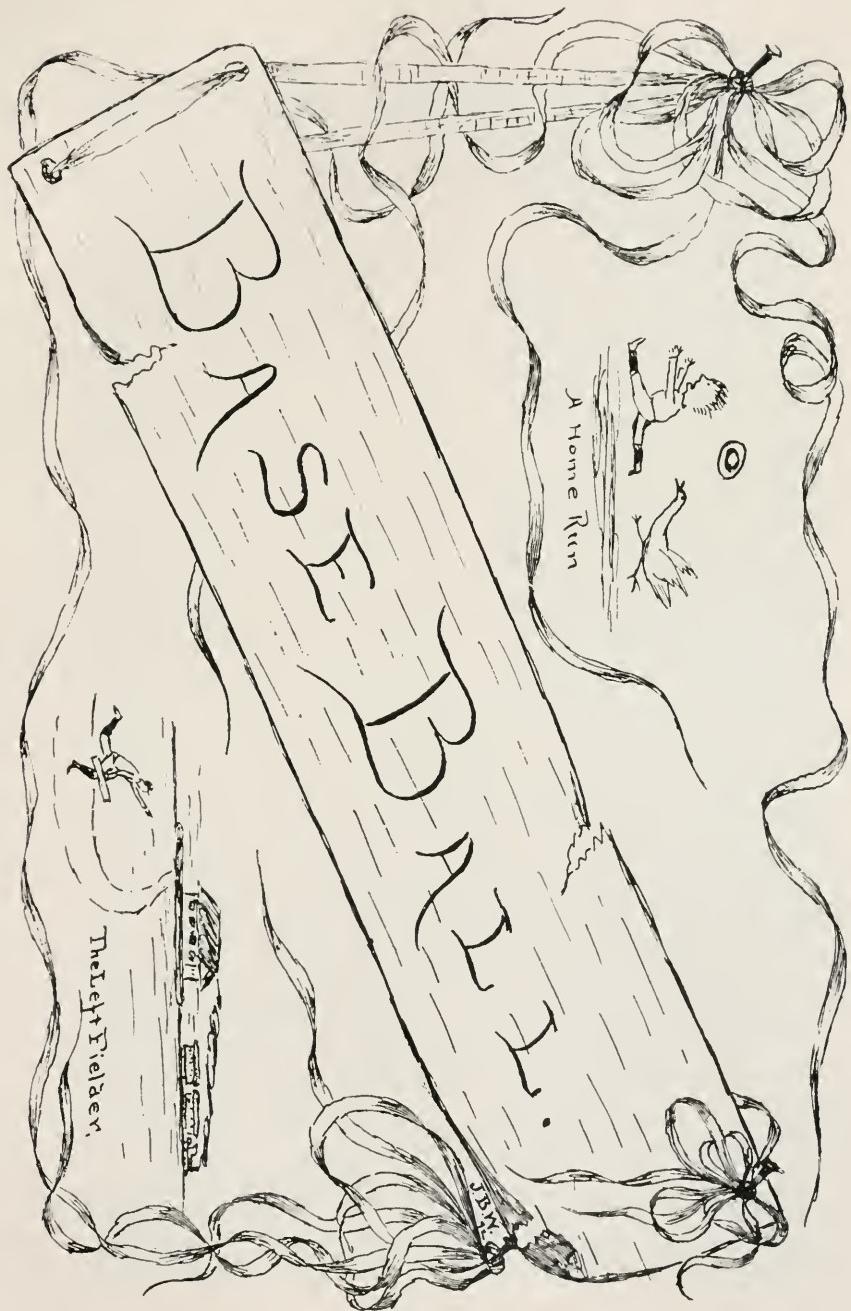
ceding year; but it was a healthy sign to see brilliant individual playing sacrificed to systematic team work, and to know that the weakness of the team was due to definite, remediable causes and not general cerebral enlargement.

The withdrawal of Princeton from the League left Lehigh as our only dangerous rival. But Lehigh in 1891 was perhaps more to be feared than Princeton and Lehigh together in 1890. A remarkably strong team had been gotten together and had been working steadily under a Canadian trainer. It had been making a splendid showing in practice games with Staten Island and Brooklyn, and, indeed, the first defeat of the season was encountered from the Druids a week before the final struggle. Such was the team that came to Baltimore to fight and lose.

Magnificent team work, superiority manifest from the outset, with wild enthusiasm at the finish, summarize in a few words the eventful game. Hopkins put up the strongest work beyond comparison of the season. Their defense was throughout impregnable. The attack field played in good form during the first half, weakened slightly in the second, but rallied with startling ability at every critical moment. Team work, thanks to Roszel's adjurations and Cone's tireless field captaincy, was the feature of the game. Stick work was good, and tipping much better than in the practice games. But it was hard, desperate checking with body and stick, frenzied scrimmage work, sprinting that made Field Captain Reese's eyes bulge out, which won the day and sent the gentle but tired Bethlemites back to waiting throngs to explain why the game had *not* been won.

Beyond actual rain or a blizzard, the elements could not have conspired to present more unattractive conditions for the Stevens game. The field was soft and soggy, while a well-developed crop of dark, slimy hay served to transform the ordinary crisp sod into an orthodox toboggan slide. The Hopkins defense had very little to do, but did that remarkably well. Briggs' play was startling, and that of the Camerons, of Cottman and of Morris, hard and steady. Symington worked well in the beginning and even better after he had been hurt; Cone's captaining was helpful, and Roszel's work—all things to all men.

It is too early at this time of writing to speak of Hopkins' lacrosse prospects in 1892. The team has suffered severe losses, but indications point, on the other hand, to much promising new material. With vigorous captaining and aggressive management, there seems no reason why the championship should not be retained indefinitely.





CAREY. FLEMING. MCKAY. SMITH. DASHIELL. REEDY. GRIFFIS. PURFIELD. TURNBULL.

BASEBALL TEAM.

1891.

Captain, P. J. Dashiell, '87.

Manager, Geo. C. Morrison, '90

COMMITTEE.

Geo. Carey, '91,

P. J. Dashiell, '87,

W. Griffiss, '93.

TEAM.

H. H. Keedy, '92, c.

J. E. Davis, '92, p.

C. R. McKay, '91, 1b.

D. C. Turnbull, '93, s.s.

P. J. Dashiell, '87, 2b.

W. Griffiss, '93, 3b.

J. P. Fleming, '93, l.f.

J. H. Purnell, '93, c.f.

Geo. Carey, '91, r.f.

A. P. Smith, Jr., '93, 2b, 3b, c.f.

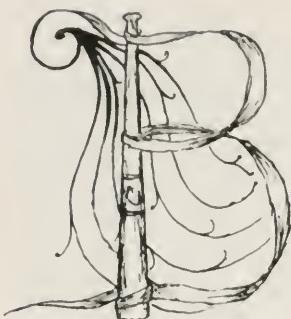
RECORD OF THE PLAYERS.

No. Games.	Runs.	Hits.	Batting Average.	Put-outs.	Assists.	Errors.	Fielding Average.
Dashiell, 9	8	13	.351	22	20	2	.955
Carey, 12	11	14	.311	28	0	1	.965
Keedy, 12	8	11	.281	92	25	6	.951
Turnbull, 11	10	13	.277	6	28	10	.773
Griffiss, 11	8	9	.243	15	12	9	.750
Fleming, 10	8	6	.188	11	0	3	.786
McKay, 9	3	5	.178	89	2	9	.910
Davis, 10	8	7	.171	5	31	5	.878
Purnell, 6	2	3	.150	4	0	1	.800
Smith, 9	3	2	.066	14	10	5	.828

GAMES.

April 6, J. H. U. vs. Dartmouth College,	.	.	.	7-6.
April 18, J. H. U. vs. Pastimes,	.	.	.	6-2.
April 22, J. H. U. vs. Y. M. C. A. Brown Stockings,	11	-	10.	
April 25, J. H. U. vs. Naval Academy,	.	.	.	14-5.
May 2, J. H. U. vs. University of Virginia,	.	.	16	-13.
May 7, J. H. U. vs. Georgetown College,	.	.	.	1-8.
May 13, J. H. U. vs. Pastimes,	.	.	.	2-4.
May 22, J. H. U. vs. Dickinson College,	.	.	.	5-6.
May 27, J. H. U. vs. Pastimes,	.	.	.	4-8.
May 30, J. H. U. vs. Naval Academy,	.	.	.	7-2.
June 12, J. H. U. vs. University of Virginia,	.	.	.	2-1.
June 13, J. H. U. vs. University of Virginia,	.	.	.	3-13.
Won 7, lost 5.				

BASE-BALL, 1891.



ASE-BALL at the University in 1891 began about January with the usual accompaniment of sore heads, broken windows in the Gym, and phenomenons that were hallucinated, so to speak, into believing that they could pitch as well as our own Davis. Things were regarded as looking bright; the Dictator—the mighty Achilles—was back to get another ram's hide; His Managerial Slickness declared that Hopkins athletics had gotten a new grip on life's cable; the strong-box was found to contain a nickel and two cigars; and lastly, several innocent Freshmen confidingly trusted in the sumptuous schedule posted in the James and went home to tell their mammas that the team was going to play *every* Wednesday and Saturday and please to let them go just once a week with nurse. Some fond parents said "Yes" and have never regretted it. It was an act of charity that added 200 per cent to the gate receipts, and their lads' studies were not interrupted too often.

Of course, we started off bloomingly. Then came a series of accidental victories and sad defeats, from the musty and dusty scores of which, as given below, it is only necessary to extricate a few incidents. The season should always be remembered as the last one of Dashiell's long career with the base-ball and foot-ball teams. Then again, we won the series with the Annapolis and Charlottesville boys but "got done" by the Pastimes. Most of us will also have a green spot in our memory for that interview with our Christian friends from Charles Street, in which the interviewed discarded Xnty and fair play alike, and the interviewers collected all but one missing bat, hailed the 'bus conductor, and let the umpire and his fellow-Christians finish the ninth inning. Finally, no one who was present will ever forget the tug party to Annapolis with a bevy, or rather several bevies, of fair Baltimore maidens. Such girls!!! such fun!!!! such 'grub'!!!! such base-ball!!!!!! etc., *ad infinitum*. It is rumored that several memory-books received accessions that day, and that three clear understandings were further results. At any rate, every one who went will echo the sentiment uttered in a gathering of congenial spirits (not on the team) at a rendezvous on 'Fifth Avenue' that night—"Here's to an Annual Tug Party with the Girls!"



Gidom.

FOOTBALL





GEOFFREY,	PHELPS,	REYLING,	YOUNG,	MITCHILL,	JAYSON,	MOLINARD,	NEWHALL,
LIEUT.,	GRIFFISS,	PURNELL,	ABLECRIMBLE,	MORRIS,	WOLFPLF.	SMITH,	DUGHTY.
			HAZELTON,				THOMSON.

INTERCLASS FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION,

1891.

President, GUSTAV L. STEWART, '92.
Secretary and Treasurer, . . CHARLES E. PHELPS, '93.

REPRESENTATIVES.

G. L. Stewart, '92, C. E. Phelps, '93, J. P. Thom, Jr., '94.

GAMES.

November 7, Ninety-two vs. Ninety-three, 4-4.
November 14, Ninety-two vs. Ninety-four, 12-0.
November 21, Ninety-three vs. Ninety-four, 24-6.
December 5, Ninety-two vs. Ninety-three, 4-6.

'93 FOOTBALL TEAM.

CHAMPIONS, 1891.

Captain, H. N. Abercrombie, *Manager*, C. E. Phelps.

James W. Young, *Centre*.

W. J. Morris, *Left End*. R. C. Reuling, *Right End*.
C. W. Newhall, *Left Tackle*. W. R. Thomson, *Right Tackle*.
A. Woelfel, *Left Guard*. W. R. Molinard, *Right Guard*.
A. P. Smith, Jr., *Quarter Back*.
J. H. Purnell, *Left Half*. H. N. Abercrombie, *Right Half*.
J. H. Hazelton, *Full Back*.

SUBSTITUTES.

C. E. Phelps, H. W. Doughty, L. L. Jackson, Jr.

GAMES.

November 4, Ninety-three vs. Marston's School, 32-0.
November 7, Ninety-three vs. Ninety-two, 4-4.
November 14, Ninety-three vs. Deichman's School, 0-0.
November 21, Ninety-three vs. Ninety-four, 24-6.
December 5, Ninety-three vs. Ninety-two, 6-4.



POPE,
BROWN.

G. STEWART,
BRYAN.

JOHNSON,
CHISNUP,
BALDWIN,
R. C. STEWART,

COX,
MCKAY,
STEARNS.

LOTHROP,
JEWETT.

HEWES,
STEVENSS.

'92 FOOTBALL TEAM.

Captain, J. S. Stearns.

Manager, G. L. Stewart.

COMMITTEE.

H. J. Jewett, Jr.,

G. L. Stewart,

E. P. Lothrop.

TEAM.

E. P. Lothrop, *Centre*.

H. J. Jewett, Jr., *Left End*.

R. C. Stewart, *Right End*.

J. E. Hewes, *Left Tackle*.

C. R. McKay, *Right Tackle*.

G. L. Stewart, *Left Guard*.

G. E. Cox, *Right Guard*.

A. C. Bryan, *Quarter Back*.

L. L. Stevens, *Left Half*.

R. W. Baldwin, *Right Half*.

J. S. Stearns, *Full Back*.

SUBSTITUTES.

W. C. Chesnut,

T. R. Brown,

D. B. Pope,

T. W. Johnson,

James W. Harvey.

GAMES.

November 7, Ninety-two *vs.* Ninety-three, . . . 4-4.

November 11, Ninety-two *vs.* Marston's School, 16-2.

November 14, Ninety-two *vs.* Ninety-four, . . . 12-0.

December 2, Ninety-two *vs.* "Hoodlums," . . . 0-4.

December 5, Ninety-two *vs.* Ninety-three, . . . 4-6.



DARRIELL, MILES, WHOLEY, WICKES, MARSHALL, THOM, AMOS,
MILES, WHOLEY, BAKER, COTTMAN, COTTMAN,
STRAUS, BAER, CHRISWOLD, GENE,
TOMPKINS, RIND.

'94 FOOTBALL TEAM.

Captain, L. W. Cottman. *Manager*, J. P. Thom, Jr.

H. T. Marshall, *Centre*.

E. S. Tompkins, *Left End*. B. M. Cone, *Right End*.

R. C. Rind, *Left Tackle*. W. S. Baer, *Right Tackle*.

W. N. Wholey, *Left Guard*. P. L. Wickes, Jr., *Right Guard*.

B. H. Griswold, Jr., *Quarter Back*.

J. S. Taylor, *Left Half*. L. W. Miles, *Right Half*.

L. W. Cottman, *Full Back*.

SUBSTITUTES.

H. C. Darrell, W. S. Amoss, T. S. Straus.

GAMES.

October 31, Ninety-four *vs.* Episcopal High School, 0-6.

November 7, Ninety-four *vs.* "Hoodlums," . . . 0-10.

November 14, Ninety-four *vs.* Ninety-two, . . . 0-12.

November 21, Ninety-four *vs.* Ninety-three, . . . 6-24.



HEWIS.

LOTHROP.

STEAMNS.

COX.

'92 TUG OF WAR TEAM.

UNIVERSITY CHAMPIONS, 1889-1892.

HUGH J. JEWETT, JR., *Manager*.

JAMES E. HEWES, *Anchor*.

EARL P. LOTHROP, *No. 3*.

JOHN S. STEARNS, *No. 2*.

GEORGE E. COX, *No. 1*.

'92 vs. '90, won by 14 inches.

'92 vs. 'Varsity, won by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

'92 vs. '94, won by 8 inches.

'92 vs. '93, won by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



LAWN TENNIS AT J. H. U.

Executive Committee:

W^m S. Symington, Sidney Hand Browne, J S Taylor
Fall Handicap Tournament won by Wilmet Griffis (fourth class).

SOUTHERN LEAGUE TOURNAMENTS

Wilmington Del. June 21 '91



J.H.U. represented by
M A Agelasto '91
S H Browne '91
A D Arkinson '92





FENCING CLUB.

OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	GUSTAV L. STEWART.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	CHARLES WM. JOHNSON.
<i>Manager,</i>	J. ELЛИCOTT HEWES.
<i>Secretary,</i>	THEODORE W. JOHNSON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	FREDERICK C. HOWE.

The chronicler of the Fencing Club, after profound thought, has observed that there are three great divisions into which the history of that organization naturally falls. These may appropriately be called, for purposes of this sketch, by names taken from the history of the world as a whole. The analogy is not merely a surface one, but lies deeply imbedded in the nature of things. The first age, 'Antiquity,' includes the period from the foundation of the Club in October, 1889 (in a brief sketch, all mention of prehistoric influences and tendencies must be omitted) to the beginning of the next academic year—a period of twelve months. During this time the members of the Club valiantly encountered one another with more danger to onlookers than to combatants. The frequency and apparent ferocity of these 'bouts' increased till they reached their climax in the athletic exhibition, February, 1890. The second era comprises another academic year. During these 'Middle Ages' the ranks of the Club were slightly reduced, but even more successful contests in the art were given on the occasion of the athletic exhibition of that year. During the present year little has been done up to the time of penning this history, but when football and other athletic interests lose their absorbing power, it is to be hoped that we will rub the rust from our harmless blades with many a merry slashing and advance in skill in an art, the fascination of which none but those who have been initiated by weary limbs and a master's telling 'coups' can fully understand.



OFFICE OF RECORDING DEPARTMENT, H. T. C.
ENOCH'S REST.

At the request of the President and Board of Directors I hereby submit the annual report of the Hopkins Tramp Club.

Without doubt the most important event of the past year is the completion of improvements at the club-house known as Enoch's Rest. This building, as no doubt many of the members already know, is situated somewhere to the north of the city. The surrounding country is picturesque and undulating—principally undulating—the hills being somewhat of a drawback to the general effect. An excellent water supply is furnished from a spring conveniently situated a few miles to the rear of the building, and the undulating tendency of the land, as before mentioned, offers fine drainage facilities. A cemetery is also close at hand, with burying accommodations at very reasonable rates. The building itself, which is the most conspicuous object in the landscape for a radius of several hundred feet, has, by a lavish expenditure of time and money (principally time), been reclaimed from its previously somewhat neglected condition, and at present surpasses any other similar structure in the vicinity. Glass may now be found in most of the windows, and many other

modern improvements have been introduced; the floor has been strengthened and is now considered perfectly safe; the plastering has been rendered self-sustaining, and the upper apartments have been made accessible by the addition of props to the stairway. Altogether, the House is well suited for a resting place when once reached, as its isolated position is highly conducive to "staying qualities."

In spite of much adverse criticism, however, Enoch's Rest has been productive of many happy hours. Beneath this humble roof the most profound questions from science to theology have been hotly debated, and, by the flickering light of the wood fire, many a weird tale has been told, until even the intrepid Breithaupt shivered in his boots. Here, too, before his removal, the 'Bearded Bard' held forth with 'joke and song,' and his goings and comings inspired such dread in the community that mothers silence their most obstinate offspring by the mere mention of the name of 'Whiskers.'

Socially, also, the Club has been very progressive. The celebrated member from the 'Quartier Latin' led with great *éclat* the cotillion of the season, assisted by the charming and sociable Mademoiselle Too Loo, said to be related to the renowned 'Herr von Nickel in der Slot.' It is also stated that the talkative and affable Hunt thinks of taking dancing lessons.

The exploring expedition of the past summer was also conducted with great success by 'The never-can-make-up-his mind' and 'Truthful and retiring' members. The former, after climbing, in the tropics, the almost inaccessible Blue Mountain Peak on the back of an unresisting and defenseless donkey, sailed for Boston, U. S. A., where he was met by the aforesaid 'Truthful and retiring' member, and these two indomitable spirits, with no other equipment than a pocket compass, six pounds of caramels and a celluloid collar, explored, on foot and in canoe, some seven hundred miles of the White Mountains and Adirondack Wilderness, where regions were discovered where even the 'worried' member could find seclusion.

Considering all these facts, the past year must be termed the most successful and progressive in our history. While going to press, we have just been informed that a movement has been set on foot to get up an extended tramp through Druid Hill Park, and a time-table has even been procured with a view of visiting Enoch's Rest in case the weather continues fine.

Respectfully,

SECOND ASSISTANT TO THE THIRD SECRETARY, H. T. C.

HOPKINS TRAMP CLUB.

PATRON SAINT—ENOCH.

CLUB YELL—HOPKINS TRAMP CLUB! HOO RAH HOO!
ENOCH! Enoch! J. H. U.!

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i> ,	.	.	.	ROSS GRANVILLE HARRISON,
				{ ALFRED J. SHRIVER.
<i>Treasurer</i> ,	.	.	.	JAMES FLACK NORRIS.
<i>Secretary</i> ,	.	.	.	DAVID BERTRAM POPE.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

C. G. Baldwin, '92.	C. W. Mixter, '92.
E. C. Breithaupt, Grad.	J. F. Norris, '92.
W. C. Chesnut, '92.	D. B. Pope, '92.
H. H. Glassie, '92.	A. M. Reese, '92.
R. G. Harrison, '89.	A. J. Shriver, '91.
J. W. Harvey, '92.	H. Ullmann, '89.
W. S. Hilles, '89.	E. L. White, '88.
R. Hunt, '91.	C. F. Woods, '91.
	J. M. Woodward, '93.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

F. E. Brown, Grad.	C. K. King, '89.
S. M. Cone, '90.	A. S. Mackenzie, Grad.
R. E. Edes, '89.	C. C. Marden, '89.
A. B. Faust, '89.	M. Milliken, '89.
J. P. Gerry, '90.	H. A. Warren, '89.
G. E. Gieske, '88.	A. G. Wolf, '90.
J. E. Harry, '86.	J. H. Wright, '90.
G. N. C. Henschen, '89.	O. W. Zeigler, '90.
	J. Zug, '90.



Jo P.
Z.



BUMP.

WHITEHEAD
LATANE.

BROWNS.

GREENBAUM.
GLASSIE.

JEWETT.

THE MASKIM.



"All the more terrible are the seven spirits of the abyss, the Maskim—who once 'secretly plotted a wicked deed.' Wives they have not, children are not born to them—prayers and supplications they hear not—they sit in the roads and make them unsafe. The fiends! the fiends!"—RAGOZIN.

Seven are we—we are seven.
In the midst of the city we dwell.
Round our heads flash the glories of heaven,
At our feet gape the horrors of hell:
Seven are we—we are seven.



No laws but our own we obey ;
Nor bow we to woman nor man.
In our might we compel them to pay
Us their tribute, each one what he can.
No laws but our own we obey.

The crack of the thunder of doom
Marks the furious approach of our wrath.
The grave and the desolate tomb
Are the signs that distinguish its path—
All shrouded in darkness and gloom—
The grave and the desolate tomb.



We come from the abyss of time.
Winged Pegasus is our steed.
We draw from each country and clime
The vast contributions we need.
We come from the abyss of time.



Seven are we —we are seven—
Spirits of evil and good.
To the good we are good as the leaven
Of righteousness, but to the brood
Of the serpent each one of the seven
Is fierce and untamed in his mood.
Seven are we—we are seven.



Ye Facultatiad : A Fragment.

"Semper ego auditor tantum? numquamne reponam?"

—JUV. I. 4.

"Spare the rod and spoil the professor."

—KING SOLOMON'S WIVES.

"A false, malicious and traitorous libel."

—RESOLUTION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Ridenda poemata malo
Quam te, conspicuae, divina Philippica famae."

—JUV. SAT. X. 124.

IMPRINTED AT YE SIGN OF

Mr. Levering's Hall.

LITTLE ROSS AND GARDEN STS.

MDCCLXII.

"And mind your teachers fond and dear,
Or the gobble-uns will get you
If you don't
Watch
Out."

The high god's herald, who, alone of all
That live, can be dead silent and still 'Bawl,'
Whose countless marks are all most commonplace,
Not one to note his phiz—a marked man's face—
Summoned the august council to convene;
Who came, some dry and sere, some fresh and green,
Some masculine strong heads with knowledge full,
And some old women stuffed with cotton-wool:
Zeus, with his gentle, all-embracing smile,
His myriad speeches, all one theme and style,
Whose sympathetic, plausive lips still steep
Us all with mere advice because that's cheap:
Red earth's Apollo skipping after facts
Or dainty stories not quite fit for tracts;
Armed with his notes his course is free and bold,
Strikes somewhere near the point, though rather old.
Then he who tore from his moist, brackish bed
The gentle oyster wherewith we are fed,
And jammed him into dry unsalted books,
Unkempt and dark as his own hairy looks:
Then the great Grecian who can see no crime
In endless sermons on not wasting time;
Who lectures in a way no man has dared
And never, because always, unprepared:
The fair, mild, noiseless, inoffensive Dean,
His air unruffled and his soul serene,
Who states with painful care the other view,
Proves last his creed, first what he thinks untrue:
The modest, large and curly-headed soul
Whose thoughts are where Euphrates' waters roll;
Whose stolid mind could not be bright or rash,
And whose first speech here begged 'exploring cash':

Then he who holds ‘men come from slimy things,’
Himself as well, though sprung from Ireland’s kings;
To show the pride that in his race he feels
He keeps a poor relation at his heels :
Then he who longs, while gazing on the stars,
To see the farmer rain-makers in Mars ;
Whose views on economics rob of sleep
A fellow-god whose mind’s not vast nor deep :
He who declares all facts of every kind
Worth less than proper attitude of mind ;
Who teaches one thing, and that sure as fate,
To all alike,—they must not enter late :
The awkward genius who has probed the sun,
Who, while the hours or the foxes run,
Will ride his theories easily and far,
But ride his horses like an agued tar :
The wide-eyed Semite with the Vedic face,
Who has ideas on every tongue and race ;
Whose countenance is empty of all guile
And changeless as an idol’s smileless smile :
The even walker whose chief purpose here
Is to promote the local sale of. . . .
Whose mathematics has been sorely tried
To tell how many he had inside :
The Bull of Bashan with his awesome roar,
Whose voice is known on every Romance shore :
Whose massive presence, comprehensive hair
And ample face bespeak the mind that’s there :
The ponderous, worthy Don, you know, you know,
Whose mind and thoughts, deliberate and slow,
Like his slow-raised and slow-placed feet still plod
Only on ground by others ’fore him trod :
The little babbler prattling on church work,
Whose views on Value are so vague and murk,
Who gives monopolies much naughty ‘sass,’
Yet is the one monopoly of gas :
The fierce-faced, broom-bearded pedagogue
Whose blushes sweep on where his ideas jog ;
Who is so modest he must surely speak
All his real thoughts in safe and veiling Greek :
Whose thirst for Latin learning is immense,

And learning,—in the scientific sense ;—
Who hurls statistics at you till they stun
With chiefest emphasis on every one :
The mighty Teuton sent here by mistake,
Whose heart for Vaterland must yearn and ache ;
Whose one fault is he will not let you shirk
All that you ought of wholly useless work.

The sub-assistant gods close up the train—
These have no sacrifice and own no fame—
Who live (and thrive) in some peculiar way
On the thin hope to be real gods some day :
He who keeps Sphinx-silence for to hide
The dearth of ideas which he has inside,
Whose long thought-out *impromptus* sometimes hit
And—er—have—rather made him thought a wit :
The man who's most as sure as his fond aunty
That he's *so very* able to teach Dante ;
Who knows as much as his own class and more
Because he plugged it up the night before :
The man with Dutch phonetics in his head,
Whose books are *not* and whose beard *is* much red ;
Whose Y. M. C. A. charge would be all ease
If he were sure some men would pay their fees :
The cheerful, ruddy-cheeked New England boy
Who teaches Horace with such able joy ;
Whose infant face is always wreathed in smiles
And who can smell a ‘pony’ several miles :
The audacious youth so rashly bold
(A new-fledged god scarce six months’ old)
Who teaches this, things learned the year before,
Soi-disant French—the French of Baltimore.

They came, and every mind had the same thought,—
Will salaries be increased as they ought ?
They ta.ked for hours, and when they were done,
Found that the work they’d finished was just—none.

FINIS.

BESTIARIES.

I.

NATURA WHANGDOODLIS.

(“Where the Lion roareth and the Whangdoodle mourneth for its first-born.”—SAINT PUCK.)

The Whangdoodle is a beast/
It lives in the East.
It bears but one young/
Which it cleans with its tongue.
Its tongue has a slime/
Which abides till the time.
When its first young is born/
And is then on that morn.
Wiped off on the skin/
Of the young, which is thin.
The slime kills it soon/
For it is of the dark moon.
A distillment most dread/
So the young one is dead.

And the Whangdoodle then/
Flees from its den.
For a week or less/
Into the wilderness.
It howls out loud/
Over the shroud.
Of its first-born/
But upon the tenth morn.
It goeth to a dale/
To meet there its male.
Then hath it again/
A young, it is fain.
Licks with its tongue/
But this young.
Dies not, for the slime/
Is all gone, this time.

SIGNIFICACIO.

When the Lord shall come/
At the day of doom.
To judge all men/
He will tell then.
What signifies this beast/
But till then at least.
It is hid from all men/
Seek it not then.
For knowledge is not good/
Forbidden by God.
And of all beasts save this one/
Is the signification known.

(The punctuation is that of the MS.)

II.

NATURA BANDERSNATCHII.

(“ You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch ! ”—WHITE KING.)

The Bandersnatch is a beast/
When a man giveth a feast.
The Bandersnatch by its smell/
Perceiveth it well/
It waiteth in its land/
Until the big brass-band.
Is assembled at the spread/
And then it lifts its head.
Starts with a mighty bound/
And courses over the ground.
It travelleth so fast/
That to earth it does cast.
All that is in its way/
And cometh soon, perfay.
To the place where men eat/
And while all are at meat.
And the band playeth loud/
Amid the crowd.
The Bandersnatch leaps/
Over men in heaps.

He draggeth one of the band/
Snatched from the stand.
And carrieth him to his den/
And from this then.
He is called Bandersnatch/
Because out of the batch.
Of musicians bad and good/
He taketh one for food.

SIGNIFICACIO.

The Bandersnatch I sing/
Meaneth a great thing.
The beast Satan means/
The despiser of beans.
And the musician is he/
That liveth life with glee.
And regards not his soul/
But drinketh from the bowl.
And while he wags his head/
Lo! he is dead.
And the Devil with scoff/
Carrieth him off.
Now from this fate then/
Save us all. Amen !

(The punctuation is that of the MS.)

HORATIUS.

Horatius Lydiam quemdam amavit,
Cujus in corda ille unus regnavit,
Sed quando allium quando edit
Osculaturo illa dedit
Nullum basium, sed verberavit.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

(DEDICATED TO DR. K. W. SMITH.)

LIBER III., CARM. IX.

A DIALOGUE.

Once thou didst reign my regnant queen,
And while no youth of fairer mien
 To thee of love did sing,
Nor gained the conquest of thy breast,
In truth not in his wealth more blest
 Than I was Persia's king.

I Lydia loved thee too full well
Before thy flame for Thracia's belle
 E'er yet had had its birth.
The Roman Ilia in her pride
Could not with me in joy have vied,
 So great I held thy worth.

My heart the Thracian Chloe sways,
The lyre and cythara she plays,
 With her the poets vie.
For her, if e'er my life could be
The ransom from some dark decree
 Of Fate, I'd gladly die.

Calaïs loves me from his heart,
To me he doth his flame impart,
 He is my soul's own breath.
For him, should ever Fate demand
A proof of love from this weak hand,
 I twice would suffer death.

What if the old love should return
And fair-haired Chloe I should spurn
 To be thy lover yet,
Wouldst thou retain thine anger just,
Or again to me thy love entrust
 And all the past forget?

Although Calaïs' beauty far
Outshines the sun or brightest star
 In all the clear blue sky ;
Although thy love 's a treacherous sea,
For all, I'd gladly live with thee,
 With thee I'd gladly die.

LIBER I., CARM. V.

What gallant youth, O Pyrrha, sprung from a noble race,
 Doth court thee midst the roses in thy bower ;
And press thee to his bosom in a fond embrace,
 Whilst whisp'ring thee sweet nothings by the hour ?
Perhaps he too admires the simple beauty of thy hair—
 Or even lauds its golden hue in verse—
But to satisfy your airy whims must needs engross his care,
 Lest he feel your tongue's sharp sting in accents terse.
'Tis not so very long since *I* did bask me in your smiles,
 And deemed myself all happy in possession ;
But when I once had learned the wanton nature of your wiles
 I made my declaration of secession.



A CHARACTER SKETCH.

OUR FRIEND FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

In politics, in campaigns hot,
 Both east and west and north,
The bloody shirt, that red, red rag,
 Is proudly ushered forth.

But—mark the change—in our gym,
 With neither rhyme nor cause,
Weeks from the Sunny South is seen
 Flaunting the blood-red drawers.



CLIPPINGS FROM THE ANCIENT ADVOCATE.

THE MOUTHPIECE OF THE GRECIAN DEMOCRACY.



T grieves us greatly to announce that a serious breach in our party has occurred in one of the lower counties. For a long time complaints have been made of the arbitrary manner in which Boss Agamemnon, the well-known saloon-keeper, has been dispensing the official patronage, but he has, nevertheless, succeeded in maintaining an undisputed hold on the machine. The independent movement was inaugurated yesterday by Sam Achilles, who was removed from his position as keeper of the fair Briseis. The two leaders met by accident on the public road late in the afternoon. Agamemnon picked up a dornick and Achilles drew his razor, when Nestor interposed and prevented the threatened conflict. Sam, on the ground that his term of office has not yet expired, has engaged the well-known firm of Quick & Quack to bring an action against Agamemnon for damages and to sue out a writ of *habeas corpus* for the girl. Agamemnon swears that if the judgment is not in his favor he will send her to the Gynaikeia Orphan Asylum. We trust that a compromise will be agreed upon so that the welfare of our great party may not be imperilled.

A coroner's inquest will be held this evening over the dead body of Thisbe Smith, found near that of Pyramus Jones in Druid Hill Park last night. The true explanation of the dark mystery has not yet been found, as Miss Smith's friends are unable to conjecture what she was doing in the Park with young Jones so late at night. It is supposed that they were studying botany, as his blood has dyed the fruit of a mulberry tree near the scene of their demise. It is well known that their parents were opposed to their union, as rents have been very high this winter and Jones has not had a situation since he moved next door to the Smiths. A crack has been found in the wall of his room, and it is said that the draught caused by this opening gave him a bad cold and in some unknown way led to his death.

Miss Thisbe was a member of the Bicycle Club, the Cremation Society and other organizations. Her relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, when Mr. O. Vid will deliver a touching eulogy in verse, the first stanza of which is as follows :

"Thisbe, darling, has passed away.
Did we love her? Well, I should say!
A sad warning to us she'll be
Not to make love under a tree.
Therefore I propose (and it must pass),
A sign for the Park—'Keep off the Grass.'"



POL SCI MINOR.

"Sweet Polly Con is a gentle maid,
But one thing I've found out, sir!
The more attention to her you've paid,
The less you know about her."

An eminent concourse of scholars bright
With trust in our preparation,
We gathered one day in the glad sunlight
To 'buck' an examination.

The sky was clear and the air was sweet,
The birdies were softly chirping,
And a sure sign of spring was observed in the street—
We noticed the chippies flirting.

Gaily we hastened the stairs to climb
To the room in the uppermost story,
And there on his dais, in Number Nine,
Sat HELIOS, shrouded in glory.

His chubby face wore a devilish smile,
He grinned with malicious glee,
In the hope that after a little while
His victims we'd surely be.

His little eyes twinkled with merriment—
Our feelings he quite ignored—
When his first burst of joy was somewhat spent
He wrote upon the board

Those fatal questions : “What do you know
Of this ?” and “ Is that true ?”
But the Sixth was the one that dealt the blow :
“ Who was Fichte and what did he do ?”

* * * * *

O'ercome by grief, from that room we went.
In truth was HELIOS victor !
One wail of woe the heavens rent,
'Twas “ Who in the HELL is Fichte ! ”

L'ENVOI.

Among us were some who had hoped to get ONE,
But, alas ! that was not to be.
A few, 'tis true, did really get TWO,
But the most of us only got THREE.



CAP AND GOWN.

The Class of '90, with much ado, 'cremated' the Cap and Gown; and the idea of such an innovation remained *in statu quo* until the Class of '92 collected the scattered ashes and breathed into them the new life of their approval.

It has been felt in former years, at the ceremony of conferring degrees, that an attendant incongruity of dress, which could not altogether be avoided, detracted greatly from the dignity of the ceremonial. And in recognition of this fact we have decided to adopt the Cap and Gown. We believe that this will increase the dignity which we have lacked before, and consequently consider that the appropriateness and suitability of such a costume is not to be questioned.

Therefore, in all confidence, we leave it to the good sense of succeeding classes whether they shall behold the matter in our light or not. We have no doubt of the result, as they must acknowledge that

"There is a time for joys and sorrows,
A time for wedding and for mourning garments."

A SEASIDE IDYLL.

I.

"Dost love me, dear?" he murmured low:
She looked out o'er the ebbing tide,
And murmured back in accents slow,
Trying her roseate blushes hide,
"My love, I do."

* * * *

II.

"But, miserie, I'm married, love;
What will my husband say to this?"
He sighed, then sadly answered he,
Once more inspired by her sweet kiss,
"I'm married too."

THE STAGE—A RETROSPECT.

"Dramatic Notice.—It is rumored that Mr. B——, who has recently shown such marked histrionic talent, has received another mark of approbation at the hands of the management. It is rumored that on Monday next Mr. B—— will assume a speaking rôle. On that evening Mr. B—— will appear upon the stage, and, after proudly uttering the words 'Me Lord—a letter,' will majestically stalk off again, followed by the jealous glances of his fellow-actors. Such promotion is as great as it is unexpected, and the envy among the Thespians is intense. Beware, B——, remember the fate of Cæsar."



lured on by tales of enchanting houris and of real glimpses of fairy-land, determined to forswear the virtuous resolutions made against the stage in former years, those years when the stage-door seemed to me to be in reality 'Descensus Averni' and the ticket taker a true Cerberus.

Armed with this determination and with as few clothes and valuables as possible—for I had heard that the night before an innocent youth's pockets had been looted and thirteen cents abstracted—I set out on my voyage of discovery, accompanied by many innocent and a few wicked youths bound on the same mission.

On reaching the stage-door we were ushered into a luxurious apartment 8x10, sumptuously furnished with a broken chair and a few projecting nails.

Next our room was the dressing apartment of those fair damsels who left their families and their homes by the rippling waters of Jones Falls to exhibit their soft charms before an unappreciative audience at the modest compensation of fifty cents per night.

Could anything appeal more to one's senses, could anything sound more deliciously than when across the transom between the rooms there floated in soft accents "Now, Mary, give me back my chewing-gum," and our senses were held spellbound when the answer fell melodiously upon our expectant ears, "I stuck it on the wall, Helen—see?"



But poetry avaunt! for here comes *le Maître des Supes* with a heterogeneous collection of clothing, the origin and development of which is shrouded in the deepest mystery.

The distribution of these time-honored garments next took place, and the gods smiled on me, for I was made a lord, a slave, a soldier and a populace.

After arraying ourselves in the intricacies of particolored tights and admiring the effect of the purple hue of one of our lower members and the beautiful way the yellow color of the other harmonized with it, we were ushered upon the stage and then were introduced to the lovely companions of our destiny.



or die, although I sincerely prayed that the audience would regard my appearance, especially the particolored tights, more from an artistic than a material standpoint.

After successfully performing my amatory act, then came the proudest moment of my career, for the stage-manager came up and informed me, in a whisper, that I was to lead the mighty host, the army of the Philistines, and at the same time, owing to the scarcity of supes, was to represent ten thousand soldiers.

After changing my costume and painfully getting screwed into the pair of wash-boilers that constituted my suit of mail, I came back again upon the stage, but I had been transformed by the tragic muse from supe into principal.

"Back, minions, what wouldst thou with me?" "Hold, sirrah!" and other expressions of dramatic ability flowed from my lips. But now the time for combat arrived, and followed by my nine trusty myrmidons, each likewise representing ten thousand men, I entered the stage and awaited in cold disdain the appearance of the foe.

Suddenly upon the stage there strode the mighty Samson, his flowing locks and lion-skin adding to the picturesqueness of his appearance.

Gazing a few moments at the Philistine host, he picked up the jawbone of the ass, the thoughtful animal which had so conveniently deposited its member in that particular spot; then with an avenging cry, whirling his trusty weapon thrice about his head, he rushed at 'the army.'



But the army wasn't there, for, notwithstanding the influence of our example upon future generations, notwithstanding the fact that the same thing took place every night and hitherto no supes had been destroyed; notwithstanding the knowledge that the martial fire of ten thousand warriors burned proudly in our veins; yet we, the leader and impersonation of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine soldiers, fled, and the rest of the army obediently followed our noble example.

Upon Salvini's incursions into the profanity of the English language I shall not dwell. Suffice it to say that his vocabulary, though small, was choice and to the point.

Upon the other painful events of that night, upon the foul atrocities perpetrated upon an innocent member of the genus supe, let us discreetly draw the veil.

As I dragged my weary footsteps homeward that night I resolved never again to enter the sacred precincts of the stage.

For me, in the future, the Y. M. C. A. receptions should provide enough excitement; the females frequenting them, although of the most severe countenances and always wearing glasses, would, doubtless, be more soothing than the grisettes of the stage. But when I reached home, the buoyancy of youth returned. As I remembered the fair face of each "supesse," as Jessie's melodious voice seemed ever murmuring in my ear, it seemed too great a sacrifice to forswear all these, and so I resolved to return again. Has not the result justified my resolution? Can I not laugh gaily as I see all these former trials sinking behind the distant hills of the past, and the future with its brilliancy and promise rising in the distance and growing ever brighter? But meditation begone, for I must know my first speaking part by next Monday, and I am soon lost to everything, as I majestically stalk about the room, dramatically uttering the mystic words, "Me Lord—a letter."



A FALLEN IDOL.

DEDICATED TO JESSIE.



NLY a page, as sweet, demure,
As one in nature's book ;
Her smile is happiness, 'tis bliss
To steal one winsome look.

She moves about the stage, serene,
She and her lovely mates,
Then murmurs with a graceful bow,
“ Me Lord, the carriage waits.”

She leaves the stage, a moment stops,
Then slowly wends her way
Along the passage dark and drear,
Free from the light of day.

I follow her, led on by love,
She stops her onward pace
Before a door—I try to hear
What led her on her race.

She knocks—a man appears, I strive
Each mystic word to hear ;
She turns her lovely head and says,
“ Gimme a glass of beer.”

I turned away and tried to lose
The memories of that day,
When Providence, unkind, bedecked
With beauty, earthy clay.

But still in dreams and nightmares wild
That same sweet voice I hear,
Same face, same walk, same beauty, and
Same “ Fritz, one schooner-beer.”

THE "GYM."

On a narrow little street, rough-paved with cobblestones, stands a humble, unattractive, little building. Its entrance is unobtrusive, and over the modest portals appear the letters

GYMNASIUM.

deep-graven in the stone. This is all one beholds from the exterior, and the interior is hardly more entertaining from an artistic point of view. Through the low doorway one steps across the hall and opens the double doors of the exercising-room. There he beholds the apparatus in its multiformity. Queer-looking pieces of wood and metal joined together into skeleton shapes; ropes of all lengths and sizes dangling from the ceiling like the tails of some misshapen monster; and instead of rugs, the smooth wooden floor is strewn with coarse thick mattresses. The long, narrow windows look down curiously from their high places in the wall upon this strange assortment of material, and the lone beholder is moved to withdraw from their weird influence to the little opening which leads into the dressing-rooms. Ah! here is the place for him. There is the old stove, against the wall, about which the fellows used to chaff and chatter, and which was always in a red-hot glow during the warm spring weather, while in winter it gave out so little heat that they had to huddle close together for that warmth of spirit which drives away the thought of cold. On each side of it are the windows, carefully shrouded in their wire veils by the divinity that guards the modesty of the disrobing room, through which the eager can behold the merry faces and bright eyes of the tennis-players making the walls of the court resound in winter, summer, spring and autumn with their gleeful shouts. And the lockers, all around the room, bearing in their open bosoms the memories of old times and drinking in between their slats the anecdotes of each new generation. They have eyes, I know, for often in the dusk of evening I have felt the darkness peer out from behind their bars as I glanced furtively around; and ears, too, they must have; oh! that they had tongues to relate what they have seen and heard! They would tell us of long winter afternoons passed cosily in the little room--a crowd of jolly fellows with banjo, song and tale, warming toward one another with happy confidence and speaking and acting from the heart. They would recount the merry jests and ringing laughs that followed the

unpeeling of a jersey or the donning of a sweater. And, as they grew more and more in sympathy with the subject, these honest old spectators would fairly burst open their locks in the exuberance of their spirits and unbosom all their secrets to the appreciative hearer, without the old-time urging of a well-directed prying pin.

Indeed, these are the things that make life worth the living—the formation of friendships under such associations, strong, by reason of their very intimacy, to withstand external shocks; the development of character and moulding of natures under the influence of unrestrained contact; the cultivation of a spirit of gentle forbearance and wise consideration. And these are but the natural outcome of such conditions, untrammeled in their perfect freedom—the jolly commingling of a lively set of genial fellows, just spoiling for some fun and ready enough to have it in an honest and straightforward way.

It is sad for us to leave the scenes of so much pleasure, although we have our memories to paint in golden colors the recollections of a happy past. The old Gym will doubtless behold many changes and alterations, but let us hope the innocent boyish spirit will still be there, and the old lockers, the trusty guardians of many secrets, may gaze beamingly and with open approval upon acts which shall have for their sole ultimate purpose the fostering of the true spirit of Johns Hopkins.

THE BESIEGED.

The host was a great and strong one;
He came with unshrinking pace;
His weapon was his heart of love,
His shield was his handsome face.

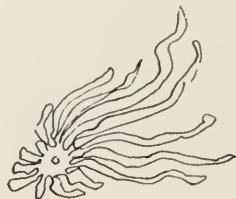
His arrows, his words of passion;
His eyes were fire-brands hurl'd.
He besieged me—unsuspecting
I looked out upon the world.

The Siege, it was fierce and lasting;
The arrows they swiftly flew;
The City had to surrender,
The Victor was loving, true.



See, how the sun caresses,
These silken wavy tresses;
All the heavens seem reflected
In the eyes of thy blue.

A perfect rose, like satin, sleek;
The peach-like bloom upon the cheek
Is softest cream-pink hue.



The dainty mouth with curved lip

Where gods would invent to sip
The honeyed nectar, rich



Burning like a flame, thy kisses
Scorch me lips with bliss & blisses
Oh, dainty Fion, you are a witch.

A M A T O R I A .

I met a young maiden as fair
As a lily just blown into bloom ;
Dark brown was the shade of her hair,
And her smile,—it decided my doom.
My heart did not know the deceit
Which they say a bright smile doth contain.
I was young, so I fell at her feet
And allegiance I vowed to maintain.

She was young, she was heedless and gay,
She ne'er thought of the wrong she was doing ;
But alas ! I have long rued the day
When to her my heart led me a-wooing.
She vowed that she'd always be true,
She said that she'd never forsake ;
But alas ! 'tis a maiden's just due
Her pledge of true love to retake.

As incense offered at the shrine
Marked adoration true,
As homage to a god divine
Denoted reverence, too,
So may this off'ring, poor and slight,
Of worshipful esteem,
Win some small notice in the sight
Of her who is my theme.

A modest damsel's my gentle maid,
So simply and sweetly fair.
When she is absent all glories fade,
To brighten when she is there.
In the charm of her presence, and under the spell
Of the incense cloud that veils
Her claim to be mortal, my spirit fell,
'Neath the fragrance that she exhales.

Its subtle effect intoxicates
 My fanciful-laden brain,
Wild passionate hopes and fears creates
 As ever had love sick swain.
My senses, cbrangled, fail and swim—
 Prostrate at her feet I lie—
I would risk my all for her slightest whim !
 For her happiness gladly die.

But I know that the holy calm which lives
 In the convent of that soul,
To passionate suit no license gives.
 Let who would attain that goal
Turn his steps aside from his evil way,
 Make upright his heart within :
On the altar of truth and virtue lay
 His sacrifice of sin.



TEMPERA(ME)NTIA OMNIA VINCIT.

Sanguine he was, until he saw
 His dearest wishes unfulfilled.
To melancholy then the law
Of temperaments did him draw,
 And mocked his feeble strength unskilled.

In turn choleric he became ;
 Quick roused to wrath—and testy too—
An-angered, since he could not gain
His longed-for object, and obtain
 His well-earned, hard-sought due.

Then, taught the lesson that his fate
 Prepared him for, he soon began
To cease all longings for the bait
She tempted him with, and to wait
Until she crowned his patient state
 And made him happy man.

TAGS FROM AN OLD TOGA.

SEWED TOGETHER BY AENEAS VRBANUS.

Surgit amari aliquot quot in ipsis floribus angat.—LVCRET.



Midst Love's very fairest flowers,
Bitter buds there always are.
I loved a maiden from the South,
Midst Love's very fairest flowers ;
I kissed her dark and lustrous hair—
And got the hair-oil in my mouth.
Midst Love's very fairest flowers,
Bitter buds there always are.



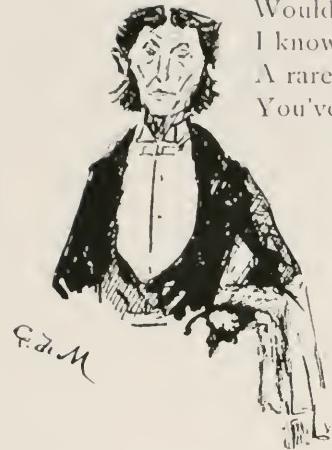
Cur non plenus vitae conviva recedis?—LVCRET.

Why not withdraw, thou greedy guest,
From Life's banquet, fully sated ?
Long hast thou fed thy hungry maw,
And drinking ne'er abated.

“ I own I've eaten well my fill,
Je n'ai cessé jamais de boire :
And yet—indeed, I cannot go— ”
I'm waiting for the *café noir*.

*Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle apud me . . .
Si tecum attuleris bonam et magnam
Cenam.*—CAT. xiii.

Would you like a good dinner? We'll drop into Rennert's;
I know you are sick of your boarding-house hash.
A rare opportunity,—I'll order the lay-out;
You've nothing to do —'xcept fork out the cash.



Plenus sacculus est aranearum.—CAT. xiii.

I write home for a letter:
I mean one of credit.
When sufficiently debtor,
I write home for a letter.
“In homesickness’ fetter”—
How often I’ve said it.
I write home for a letter:
I mean one of credit.

TO “W.”-W. POETAE HOPKINSIENSI.

*Ipse facit versus atque uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos.*—JUV. vii. 38.

Cacata Charta.—CATULLUS.

Long verses he makes to bring laughter and tears,—
(‘Tis easy to tell alway what he’s after,
The comic’s for tears and the tragic for laughter,)
With brass-armored conceit that is proof against jeers:
He just yields to old Homer—because of his years.

FACTS.

He was a familiar figure to us who haunted the Historical Library in those days, as familiar as the dingy carpet or the rusty brown bookshelves that sifted the light in the grey winter afternoons. How long he had been there none could tell. Even as far back as the Permanent Candidate for the doctorate could remember he had sat day by day in the same corner, at the same desk, buried in the same great dusty folios and mouldy maps. When the first man came in the morning there he was already bowed over his work, and when the last man went away at night he was there still.

The new men always taxed their ingenuity by inventing names for him. Some called him 'Time'; others 'The Worm'; one man asserted that he was the 'Historical Spirit' our professor talked so much about and which he said presided over the library. But the older men had grown so used to him that they no longer noticed his presence. No doubt if he had ever happened to stay away they would have had that vague sensation of strangeness one feels when some hitherto unnoticed detail of our surroundings is altered, but probably none of them could have said what was gone.

It was an unfrequented corner, that, where he sat; flanked on one side by long rows of forgotten periodicals, on the other by a mummy-case, whose wooden mask bore the sweet, unhappy, weary smile which some clear-seeing carver had given it four thousand years ago in far-off Egypt. Sometimes I used to think that the mummy wrapped away inside must be his friend, perhaps his only friend.

The man's loneliness touched me. One day as I loitered among the books I found occasion to ask him the usual commonplace with us—how his work came on?

He started and glanced up. His expression was one of intense and passionate earnestness. His eyes, deep-set under thick brows, glowed with a steadfast fire, but the corners were lined and wrinkled from years of poring over small and difficult texts, and the face was drawn and thin.

"It is no easy task," he said, "the sources are unreliable and contradictory; the man's own narrative in particular is hard to believe."

Still, within two months, I think, I shall have done it and refuted once and forever those flimsy scholars. Not only shall I prove that it was *not* the east coast of San Salvador that Columbus landed on, but I shall show that there is great reason to believe,—though as to this there must always be more or less doubt,—that it was the west."

This last sentence was said in that dogmatic tone of determination to be judicial at all hazards which I had observed was the chief characteristic of great historical scholars; nevertheless I was so ignorant of scientific methods then that I couldn't help blurting out with—“A monument of research, truly! but really,—I'm very ignorant, you know,—I don't quite see why—exactly what results—er—what your conclusions”—

A cloud passed suddenly over his face, which became deathly pale; his eyes distended and stared straight before him; their light died out. “*Why*,” he murmured softly to himself, “results?—conclusions? conclusions?”—

II.

The next day he was absent. The librarian waited a fortnight, then cleared away his desk; the books were carried back to their dusty shelves and his MS. was tied with tape in a bundle and stored away with the rubbish in the attic. But the mummy-case was left in the corner and still looks out over the busy men with the same sweet, unhappy, pensive smile.



PAEDOGOGUS EMMOTTUS.

Paedogogus Emmottus olim in Hesperia fuit,
Cujus in sermones informales certus studens insuspiciens ruit,
Sed quum examinationes finitae sunt
Omnia altera viâ circâ mutata se inveniunt,
Et studens ex oculis multo et longo pluit.
(Signed)

MARIUS LYCISCUS.

(The use of “pluit” as a personal verb is patented by Marius Lyciscus. Entered accordingly a senatus-consultum.)

A LEAP-YEAR OVERTURE.

An Opera in Three Acts.

"Prof. Remsen has declined the overtures made him from Chicago."—BULLETIN BOARD.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

IRAR, a young and handsome Gypsy.

HARPY, a *female* Bandit, disguised as a Circuit Rider.

DANIELLA, a Spinster.

Elders of the Village, Chorus of Chicago Dressed Beef, Chorus of Porkers, Chorus of Potboilers.

Soldiers, Sailors, Kings, Queens and Populace (represented by REPORTERS).

ACT I.

SCENE.—A retired Rock near Jones Falls.

Chorus of Potboilers, Soldiers, Sailors, Kings, Queens and Populace (represented by Reporters).

CHORUS.

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| ALL. | Now at this time, in every clime,
Brave maid may propose to coy swain ;
With sex thus reversed, all nature perversed,
May not miracles happen again ? |
| SOLDIERS. | We soldiers shall plow the flowing main. |
| SAILORS. | We sailors curb the flowing rein. |
| QUEENS. | We queens shall rule with women's rights. |
| KINGS. | We kings rest easy now o' nights. |
| POTBOILERS. | But hear us recall, most wondrous of all,
The situation will now seek the man. |
| ALL. | Pray hear them recall, most wondrous of all,
The situation will now seek the man. |

IRAR enters, and seating himself on a rock, plays with a test-tube.

- IRAR (*moodily*). Fain would I soar to wider fields,
Reap all the lucre that the Wild West yields ;
Hear the cowboy's shrieksome roar,
And shake off the dust of Baltimore.

(Enter HARPY with a bound.)

(Retinue of CHICAGO DRESSED BEEF AND PORKERS.)

HARPY. Thy wish is heard !
I come to thee !
Come thou to me,
And we will flee !

IRAR. Goodness me !
A maid is he !!!

HARPY (*continuing con amore*).

The wealth of India's coral strand
Is nothing to my subsoil land.
We'll meet thee with a big brass band !
And every deal you'll hold an ace.
Great herds of hogs my prairies range ;
And slaughter-houses vast and strange
To chemist's use for thee I'll change
To be thy dwelling place.

CHORUS OF DRESSED BEEF.

To be his smelling place !
Audacious maid !
I'm half afraid
You're over-bold ;
And I'll be sold.
You put me in a flutter !
But still I choose
Not to refuse
Your offers fair.
(What lovely hair !
She puts me in a flutter) [*aside*].
If you'll stay here
Till I appear,
I'll tell my tribe
Of your lovely bribe
And put *them* in a flutter.

Exit IRAR.

HARPY (*solus, twinkling the other eye*).

We gather them in
With lots of tin,
And when we get 'em,
Oh ! won't we sweat 'em !

CHORUS OF DRESSED BEEF AND PORKERS.

Oh! won't we sweat 'em!

HARPY. Yes, when we get 'em
With promise of gold
And wealth untold,
Won't they be sold!

CHORUS OF DRESSED BEEF.

Won't they be sold,
Left in the cold!

CHORUS OF PORKERS *yell*.

Grunt! grunt! Chicago's no runt!
P-o-r-k—Pork!

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Village Green.

Elders of Village, Potboilers, Shop-girls, Soldiers, Sailors, Kings, Queens and Populace (represented by Reporters).

ELDERS (*dancing*).

We run this place, we do!
We run this place, *we* do!
Be the revenues many or few.
When the revenue's high
 We run like hell;
When the revenue's low
 We run—pretty well.

We run this place, we do!
They run this place, they do!

ALL. We starve the profs, we do!
We starve the profs, we do!
Be the revenues many or few.
When the revenue's high

 They starve pretty well!

When the revenue's low
 They starve like *hell*!

We starve the profs, we do!

ALL. They run this place, they do!

Enter Irar.

IRAR. Oh ! Elders, come listen, I pray,
I'm bound for the woolly Wild West ;
Fain would I linger and stay,
But 'tis time to feather my nest.

CHORUS. 'Tis time to feather his nest !

ELDERS (*aghast*).

What ! leave your Daniella
For the tool of Rockyfella ?

ALL (*aghast*). For the tool of Rockyfella ?

IRAR. 'Tis sad, 'tis true !

'Tis true 'tis sad 'tis true !

POTBOILERS. Sad ? true ? true sad ? sad true ?

O gosh !

REPORTERS. Populus sumus !!!

[*Curtain.*]

Act III.

SCENE.—Same as in Act I.

HARPY *exercising her voice on a rock amidst spellbound Porkers, Potboilers, Soldiers, Sailors, etc.*

HARPY. For a clever witticism
In the higher criticism
And jokes on the Prophets ready-made,
Just call on me—boy preacher,
A sort of little Beecher,
Of paradoxes not a bit afraid.

For pointers on the running,
With a little tact and cunning,
A brand-new Universitee !
O I'm the duck who'll do
When I get a prof or two,
And Irar suits me to a T.

Enter Irar.

IRAR. Pack your grip
And we will skip !

POTBOILERS. Woe ! woe !
We're left,
Of Irar bereft,
Alone to wander,
On science to ponder !
—Poisons we'll swallow,
Explosions will follow,
Our lab. will burn down—
Let's go on the town !

Exeunt POTBOILERS, dejected.

ELDERS. Boys ! boys ! stop that noise !
We run this place, we do !

Enter DANIELLA, on the trot.

DANIELLA. Irar !
IRAR. Daniella !!
DANIELLA. Going ?
IRAR. Going.
DANIELLA. Gone ?
IRAR. O Daniella, dear,
Don't have it so appear
That I'm sold to highest bidder on the spot.
That smooth-faced Harpy there
Would entice me to her lair
With a rich and juicy, soft and sluicy *dot*.

DANIELLA (*aside*).

It's a scheme to sell a vacant corner lot !

IRAR. So, Daniella, hear,
For reasons I'll make clear,
I shall stay, till cows come home, with you, with you.
I'm still a resident
And sometime president,
And I'll hold that *fat* position in Bay View.

(They embrace.)

HARPY (*furioso, waving continually her right arm*).

Why break with me
For such as she ?

IRAR (*resoluto*).

ELDERS. 'Cause she's got whiskers, see ?
 She's got whiskers ?
 So have we,
 We run this place, we do !

HARPY. If not to sighs,
 Then yield to tears !

IRAR (*spunkily*).

Nay ! nay ! Pauline,
Not in an hundred years!!!!

(Re-enter POTBOILERS *hilarious, having been on the town.* HARPY takes flight. PORKERS turn to sausages. POTBOILERS attack the CHICAGO DRESSED BEEF, shouting)

ALL. (*fortissimo in unison*).

Hullabaloo—Kanuck—Kanuck !
Hullabaloo—Kanuck—Kanuck !
Hoo-rah ! Hoo-rah ! J. H. U. !

[Curtain.]



DANS LE CONSOMMÉ ROYAL.



I.

They walked upon the stage one day,
And talked in accents fond and rare;
He was a gallant, bold and gay,
And she, a lady fair.



II.

They met upon the street, next day,
Yet no fond words were on his lip.
He was a student, stern and grave,
And she, a chip.



DON JUAN (BULLOCK).



Young Bullock is a sly young dog,
Yet slyer still his occupation,
For ambling slowly up the street
And ogling girls is his vocation.

Though retribution comes whene'er
The girl's accompanied by relations,
Yet still he plays his little game
And in their hearts makes strange sensations.
Yet think, O lad! 'tis nobler far
To spare fair heart's soft palpitations
Than in a breach-of-promise suit
To shock papa and dear relations;
Remember girls are never proof
Against your subtle fascinations.
So, Johnny, lad, take my advice
And stop your slow peregrinations;
Turn once again to Science's call,
And in her lonely occupations
Forget for aye those days of yore
When joy meant Howard Street flirtations.



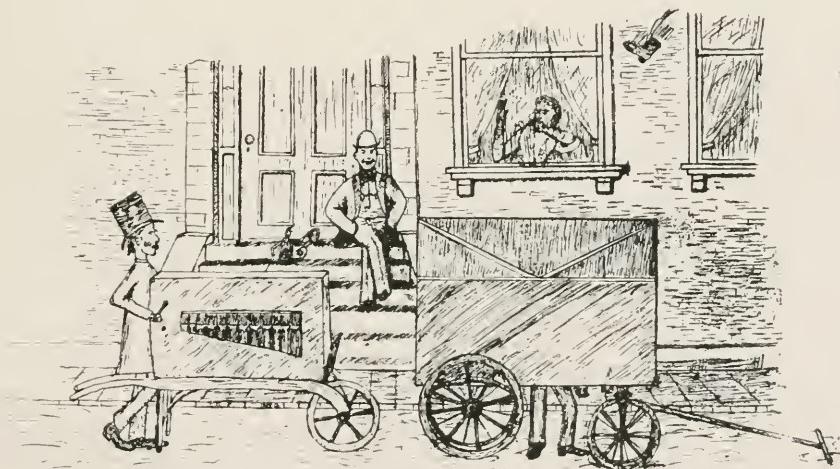
A PLAIN T.

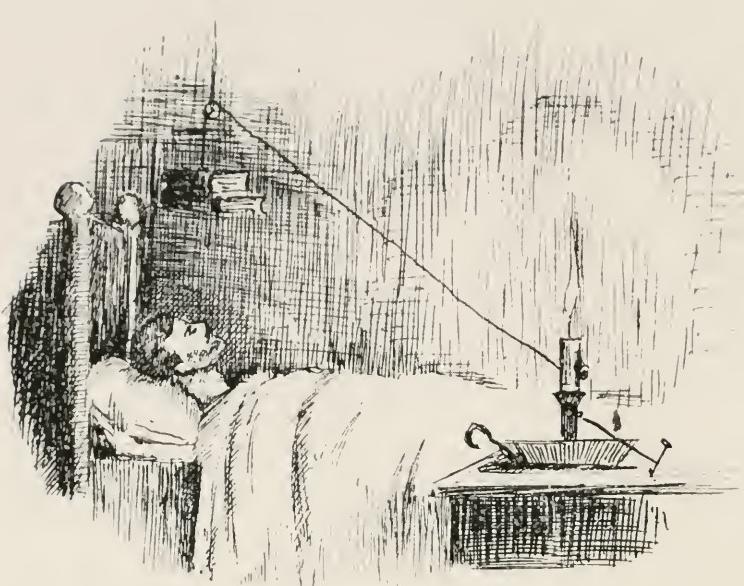
My education is at fault, I ne'er can understand
How operatic music can be considered "Grand."
No ear have I for music and no knowledge of the skill
It takes to strike an upper C or make a double trill.
In fact, the only kind I've liked, since my old nurse's croon,
Is the wheezy street-piano's, with its oft-repeated tune.

The oratorio does not appeal to me, because
I can't appreciate its art nor understand its laws.
The symphony seems unto me a blurring mist to be
Of sighs and shrieks and wails and weeps conjoined discordantly.
But the only honest music I can hear, from night to noon,
Is the wheezy street-piano's, with its oft-repeated tune.

From musicale to concert hall we go the gamut down,
From the lady in her parlor to the lady on the town.
The charms of song and dance *artistes* had captured me ere long,
But I soon found I enjoyed the dance while I ignored the song.
My highest notion of pure bliss is a balmy night in June,
With the heavenly accompaniment of a street-piano's tune.

I don't like vocal music, because I cannot sing;
Nor instrumental music, though they say that's " quite the thing."
The only music that I like, in spite of culture's frown,
Is the music of the organ that travels round the town.
Though other fortune fail, I pray fate grant to me this boon,
To preserve the street-piano, with its oft-repeated tune.





A SUGGESTION TO (J-W-TT) TO SECURE PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE
AT CHEMISTRY LECTURES.

W O R D S .

COLLECTED FROM GERMAN, FRENCH, ITALIAN AND SPANISH-ENGLISH
DICTIONARIES. EDITED BY FOREIGNERS FAMILIAR
WITH OUR LANGUAGE.

The velite gizzard was renning aloat,
As the slawser warged to the skrill.
The googins so glebous then lusked the stroat,
And the barlings bittaled the gril,
While the futtocks' strawse did yaw to the loo,
So the druxey parreled a fid:
But he skinched the rals of the purslane grue
And heeled a strake weater ril skrid.

N. B.—Editors will give a prize (of said German, French, Italian and Spanish-English dictionaries) to the person who shall succeed in deciphering the story of the really tragic incident which this commemorates.

MR. OOSY MAGOO OF THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.



HEN Mr. Oosy Magoo stepped out of the Biological Laboratory on Thursday evening, the sun, after a feeble attempt at an old-gold sunset, had disappeared in a mass of dirty gray mist and fatty cloud. Mr. Magoo's feelings were dull and gloomy.

The scene about him was not one to kindle his low and sinking spirits. He gazed down the bare monotony of

Little Ross street and his eye rested on the colorless convent wall. He gazed up Druid Hill avenue and his eye fell on negro pie-shops and the pitiless yellow of the cable-cars. The soulless clang of the car-gong chilled his blood.

Not far off, from the Gymnasium, where yellow gas-jets began to glimmer in the fading twilight, came the shouts of the young barbarians at play; but Magoo's heart was too sore for sport. Across the way Levering Hall shed its kindly light, but he had already exhausted month-before-last's magazines, and the shrill droning of a salvation hymn warned him that a gospel meeting was in session. Life looked more colorless than ever.

It had been a day of disaster. He had delayed to read one of Marston's exquisite "Wind-Voices"; with his head atune to the music of the verse and filled with the breath of flowers, he had come late into the Laboratory, where the smell of game dog was so strong that one might taste it. With as much spirit as he could command, he drew out a rusty pan, half filled with brownish discolored wax, and began to pin out upon it a half-chloroformed earthworm. This was the worm that turned. It writhed and twisted and slid. When its mouth had been securely pinned down and Magoo was stretching out its tail, it broke in two, and each half writhed worse than before. Each half then broke in two, and the worm writhed in quarters, and its insides oozed out. Magoo's soul writhed worse than the worm; disgust spread a veil over his heart. His worm once pinned, he began

to slit it up the back, and pin down its slimy sides, but Magoo's hand had lost its steadiness; he had cut too deep; digestive tract and ovaries and stomach and heart and nerves were in one foul confusion. He could not go on. He looked around the Laboratory helplessly for a ray of light or cheer.

Ever and anon would come from the nether regions the wail of some foredoomed dog who smelt his brother afar off. Not a human sound; nothing but the shivering crack of a cover-glass, the ring of a heel on the hard stony floor, a suppressed sigh from one of the still figures who, like worshippers in some bleak, cold, hideous temple, were bowed over their microscopes and silent in their devotions. One sharp, quick, exultant cry broke the stillness—a cry as of new-found faith, or salvation gained—"Lord, it's ciliated!"

But there was no salvation for Magoo. Blowing into a wash-bottle did not make him glow with emotion. He had no vision of the infinite mystery, and Nature's 'Book of Secresy,' as he cleaned slides for his microscope; no thrill of keen delight as he drew the charmed circles of an earthworm's gut, and that height of transport, that ecstasy of the whole being, when one finds cilia! This was not for him; cilia he never found.

With heavy hand he packed his microscope away. He washed his hands; but the antique towel on whose rich dark folds so many generations of biologists had left their mark, served only to fix more firmly that delectable odor which is the incense of science.

It was after five; the postoffice was closed. A kind word from some distant friend or kinsman might have cheered his heart, but that hope too was gone. As he leaned on the iron fence, the hymn in Levering Hall ceased. In a few moments the congregation of the gospel meeting began to disperse. Each bore a look of triumphant righteousness. Magoo's heart shrank within him; and the light faded out in the west.

* * * * *

A blaze of light and color dazzled the eye; strains of bewitching music charmed the ear. Fairy forms, well displayed, flitted to and fro to the measure of the ballet; smoke curled and wreathed and wrapped the scene in a tender haze as of Indian summer; the faint sweet odor of mingled cigars and beer floated through the air.

In a box at the 'Monumental' sat a man and a woman. The woman, a brilliant blonde, was fair to look upon—across the street. The man was in a state of hilarious and oblivescent inebriation. It was Oosy Magoo.



PESSIMISM.

Before a big log fire,
Whose charms (the poets say)
Keep evil sprites away,
I prayed it might inspire
My meditation.

O'ercome by drowsy heat,
With eyelids almost closed,
I watched—and yet I dozed—
The while I seemed to greet
My inspiration.

I saw the big logs burn
And crumble up, consumed ;
I felt my hopes fast doomed.
All things are changed in turn
In their relation !

And so no thing on earth
Can e'er remain the same ;
That law is but to blame
Which draws man from his birth
Down to damnation.

Oh! why should cruel fate
Teach me this lesson sad ?
Is there no good but bad
In this fierce testing state
Of our probation ?

Yes! yes! the fickle world
No longer can be true.
E'en woman's heart,
Round which the minstrel furled
His rosemary and rue—
E'en that no more is true—
Fair woman's heart.



LAUS MORPHEOS.

WRITTEN IN AN HYPNOTIC TRANCE BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE,
Author of Laus Veneris.

Languidulosque paret tecum conjungere somnos.

A clamor that is clangorous and clock-like
In the train of the tremulous night!
A whiz that is whirring and shock-like!—
A student awakes in affright,
From the languishing languor of sleeping,
With a start, an oath and a groan,
With a soul that is wearied to weeping,
“ It’s too early,” he sighs with a moan.

“ I shall sink in the sleep of a slumber,
I shall swoon in the slumber of sleep,
I shall revel in dreams without number
As the waves of the waste wan deep;
I shall dream of the forces that shape us,
Of the cup of the god that I drain,
Of the god that rhymes with ‘ bedrape us,’ *
O sleep! sleep again!

“ The lectures may go to the devil
While I dream of the dreaming of dreams,
The grim soul with the head that is level
Shall simmer in Plegethon’s streams.
I am weary of classes and hours,
Of blackboards begrimed with dust,
Of the learning that sickens and sours,
Of all the rot, rubbish and rust.”

With a sigh he sank on his pillow,
His arms entwined o’er his head:
Like a swimmer a-dream on the billow
He slept the sleep of the dead.
He slept till time was for dinner,
And the evening sun shot its ray,
—Sweet saints, O succor the sinner,
Two exams were put up for that day!

* See “ Dolores.”

THE IRONY OF FATE.

The night was dark, the clock above
Was sounding out the midnight hour;
Upon a bench they sat, each wrapped
In the other's arms, and in love's power.

He'd met her on the avenue
About eleven o'clock that night,
And, as 'tis often at that hour,
So also now, 'twas love at sight.

The blackness of the night did not
Give him a glimpse of her fair face;
So fervently he love-inspired
By her fair form and soft embrace.

The moon peeped from a darksome cloud
And smiled upon the lovers twain,
Shedding her cold and heartless light
Upon the hopeful, luckless swain.

The morn shone full upon her face:
One moment of expectant awe;
He turned and looked—a shriek, a scream—
“It was his mother-in-law.”

VENTILATION.

In S---k--'s class-room at the J. H. U.
Air has no inlets, windows, doors nor chinks;
You'll find there after noon—I'm telling true—
Some fourteen students and five hundred stinks.

SNOW, SNOW, BEAUTIFUL SNOW!



Spontaneous notes compiled from a lecture in chemistry some time after 9 A. M., February 11, 1892. (It is to be supposed that the student was suffering from wet feet and a hastily consumed and hence still undigested breakfast.)

Snow, snow, beautiful snow!
How its beauty doth on me grow!
Its flakes of crystals of purest white—
Oh, I vow! it's a pretty sight!

But after these crystals have fallen down,
From white they turn to a dirty brown;
And as through three inches of slush I go
I mutter, "Oh, *damn* this beautiful snow!"

JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

I.

QUESTIONS BEFORE BREAKFAST.

By Ricardo Teely, Ph. D., Professor of Church Work.

Contents.

BOOK I.

- Chap. I.—Natural Gas.
- Chap. II.—More Gas.
- Chap. III.—Still more Gas.
- Chap. IV.—Gas again.

BOOK II.

- Chap. I.—Mrs. Teely's bonnet and the Dog: showing the necessity of Governmental Express.
- Chap. II.—Account of some Boxes sent by the Author, proving the superiority of Governmental Post.
- Chap. III.—Personal Experience with a Car Conductor, demonstrating the necessity of municipal (as well as self-) control.
- Chap. IV.—Conversation with a certain Bishop.
- Chap. V.—Divers Extracts from a Morning Paper.
- Chap. VI.—The Future of Pikesville: a Vision of the original Pike.
- Chap. VII.—Some Remarks on Towsontown.
- Chap. VIII.—Now you see it—and now you don't.

II.

It is with inexpressible pleasure that the editor of 'Logical Thought' announces the publication of a work which will effect a complete revolution in the logical world. The book to which we refer is Professor M-ct's treatise on Logic, published by the Society for the Suppression of Thoughtlessness, in 30 sections and 400 notes. In order to promote the sale of the work the publishers have offered as a special inducement to each purchaser a poker-chip used by his

Royal Highness, a monograph on fancy dancing and a gold-plated Eulerian circle. No better idea of its character can be gained than by perusing the Table of Contents, which is arranged as follows:

SEC. I.—ON METHOD.

- Chap. I, on Schedules.
- Chap. II, " Note-Books.
- Chap. III, " Pronunciation.
- Chap. IV, " Dogs.
- Chap. V, " Curtains and Chairs.
- Chap. VI, " Our Text-Book.

SEC. II.—ON TERMS.

- Chap. I, on Quite So.
- Chap. II, " Very Important.
- Chap. III, " Above meaning below.
- Chap. IV, " Not-hyphen-good.
- Chap. V, " Yistirday.
- Chap. VI, " Dictum de whole hog or none.
- Chap. VII, " Oviparous Mammalia.

SEC. III.—ON PROPOSITIONS.

- Chap. I, on All Men are Mortal.
- Chap. II, " When I was at Cambridge.
- Chap. III, " No man knows everything.
- Chap. IV, " Page 81.
- Chap. V, " The loquacity of a certain Stewart.
- Chap. VI, " Logic as I found it and left it.
- Chap. VII, " Miss Barbara and the other Barbarians.

SEC. IV.—ON SYLLOGISM.

- Chap. I, on A dog is a nuisance, A.
- Chap. II, " No blacks are whites, E.
- Chap. III, " Some men are foolish, I.
- Chap. IV, " Somebody is not everybody, O.
- Chap. V, " Making Silly-gisms.
- Chap. VI, " To cut or not to cut.

SEC. V.—ON AUTHORITIES.

- Chap. I, on A great Cambridge logician.
- Chap. II, " Mill and the Millennium.
- Chap. III, " Jevons and Jewett.
- Chap. IV, " Archbishop Williams and the little Williams.

- Chap. V, on G. J. R. Stewart.
Chap. VI, " Turner & Bro.
Chap. VII, " Ice.
Chap. VIII, " God save the Queen.
Chap. IX, " Finis, Meginnis.

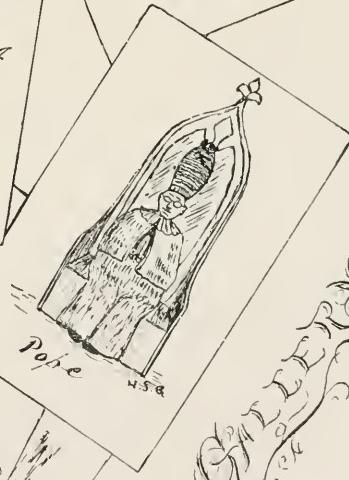
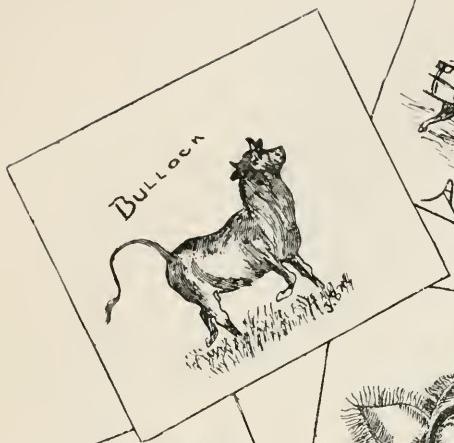
III.

CHEMISTRY FOR THE MASSES.—Myra Rumsen (with an appendix by the Stewart family, consisting of Billy, Mrs. Billy and little Gussie and Johnnie).

This book is destined to make a complete revolution in the study of chemistry; for, as the author ingeniously points out, each stonemason, each bricklayer is a specialist in the strictest sense of the word in this most seductive science. "Should Chemistry," the author continues, "be devoted only to the select few, the Havez and Coburns of this world? No, there is a larger and a nobler field for it. Let the workingman be a delver in its treasure-fields; let the laborer know its mysteries." We fervently hope that the author's wishes may be fulfilled, and we joyously look forward to the day when from the lips of each ebony-hued hodcarrier such mysterious words as $\text{CaO} + \text{H}_2\text{O} = \text{Ca}(\text{OH})_2$ shall fall, and when the stonemason utters with pride: $\text{CaCO}_3 + \text{a cold chisel} = \text{a tombstone to John Smith}$. For of such is the kingdom of Heaven. R. I. P.

We suggest, however, that, to cope with the popular books of the day, such as 'His Wedded Wife, or Dying to be Kissed,' and 'Eloped, or the Automatic Female Typewriter,' that the author give to this work also an attractive double title, such as 'The Chemistry of Quicklime,' or 'Hodcarrying Made Easy,' or 'Sulphuretted Hydrogen,' or 'Revenge is Sweet,' or some other equally beautiful and appropriate title.

We again wish the author 'good luck.'



CLASS STATISTICS.

The Class of '92 numbers 57 men: 34 from Maryland, 4 from Virginia, 4 from District of Columbia, 2 from New York, 2 from Kentucky, 2 from Pennsylvania, 1 from Delaware, 1 from Florida, 1 from Massachusetts, 1 from North Carolina, 1 from Nebraska, 1 from Ohio, 1 from Utah, 1 from West Virginia.

8 are in Group I., 7 in Group II., 13 in Group III., 6 in Group IV., 16 in Group VI., 3 in Group VII., and 4 are students in electricity.

Probable vocations: 12 physicians, 11 lawyers, 8 electrical engineers, 7 teachers, 4 chemists, 3 civil engineers, 3 scientists, 2 political economists, 2 merchants, 1 minister, 1 actor, 1 journalist, 1 student of classics, 1 statesman.

Average age, 21 years 5 months; oldest, 31 years 1 month; youngest, 18 years 8 months; total age, 1220 years.

Average weight, 144 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; heaviest, 185 pounds; lightest, 115 pounds; total, 8265 lbs.

Average height, 5 feet 9 $\frac{2}{3}$ inches; tallest, 6 feet 5 inches; shortest, 5 feet 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; total height, 338 feet.

There are no beards. There is an indefinite number of moustaches, as it is a much disputed question whether 13 or 17 hairs on one side of the lip constitute a moustache; taking the former view, nine men are entitled to the dignity. One of our younger members has never shaved. Two are actually married (one of whom is the happy Papa of two chubby little boys), 3 engaged, and the large majority of them are or have been in love.

Politics: 4 prohibitionists, 10 'mugwumps,' 12 republicans, 31 democrats. All the democrats will support Cleveland in the next campaign.



RESPONSA PRUDENTUM.

Prof. (to Gus).—“What do you think about this?”

Gus.—“I don’t know, sir.”

Prof. (to John).—“What is your opinion?”

John.—“The same as my brother’s.”

Student.—“How will you divide the book for the two days’ examination?”

Prof.—“We’ll take the whole for the first day and the rest for the second.”

Prof.—“What do you mean by the rhythm of attention?”

Student.—“Why, sir, the fact that you can remember verses better than prose.”

Prof.—“What is the relation between knowledge and feeling?”

Student.—“I don’t know, sir.”

Prof.—“Did you ever know anything—[great excitement immediately begins to prevail, 3 men wake up, 14 become interested, and 21 are actually alarmed, when the Prof. continues]—without having an emotional state?”

Prof. A.—“Can you illustrate an involuntary domicile?”

W—ll—ms.—“When a man’s in jail.”

Prof. A.—“ Who was Philopoemon ?”

W-ll--ms.—“ Homer called him the ‘ last of the Greeks.’ ”

Prof. Em.—“ Mr. J. St w-rt, what name would you give this mode ?”

St-w-rt.—“ I haven’t studied the names yet, sir.”

Prof. Em.—“ Well, it is not to be wondered at.”

Dr. Ely.—“ Give an example in deductive logic.”

T-wns-nd.—“ All men live, therefore any living thing is a man.”

Dr. Ely.—“ You see, gentlemen, if you marry a woman of 17, the probabilities are that you will have 9 children; but if you marry a woman of 25, you will probably have only $7\frac{1}{2}$.”

St-w-rt, G.—“ But, Dr., for example, when an animal is not going home but a dog is on the trail of an animal.”

D-v-s.—“ This was done by Lord ‘ Browg-ham.’ ”

Prof. Em.—“ Indeed, Mr. D,—, I thought it was Lord Brougham.”

D-v-s.—“ No, sir, I don’t think so.”

Prof. A.—“ When Marco Polo returned to Venice he was straight-way interviewed by the Bump of the period.”

B-mp (*sotto voce*).—“ That’s the best thing he’s gotten off yet.”

Prof. E.—“ During the whole continuance of the line of Lancaster the line was continuous.”

Prof. Em.—“ What kind of a proposition is ‘ a few persons study logic ’ ?”

Student.—“ That is singular.”

Prof. G.—“ What is the organ over which we have the least control ?”

J-hns-n.—“ The heart, sir.”

Dr. R. (calling the roll).—“ Mr. J-w-tt.”

J-w-tt.—“ Here, sir.”

(Great applause by the Class, during which J-w-tt rises and bows profoundly.)

Dr. R.—“ Mr. J-w-tt’s *presence* requires no excuse.”

Mr. Em.—“ The book speaks of symptoms of insanity. Now, Mr. J-hns-n, to take a concrete case—”

Prof. W.—“ What is your name ?”

Student.—“ Stevens.”

Prof. W.—“ Ph or V ?”

Student.—“ L. L.”

Mr. Em.—“ Mr. Gr-nl-f, what did Jerome say when he translated the Hebrew Bible into Latin and found Hebrew words with no Latin equivalent ? ”

Gr-nl-f.—“ He said that all languages came from the Hebrew.”



CHES(T)NUT'S —— !

Feb., '90. “ Mr. C—, what was the difference between Thucydides and Herodotus ? ”

C—. “ Why, Thucydides was like an educated man, while Herodotus was more like an intelligent child.”

May, '91. “ In the English language one should pronounce a word as short as possible in order to make it sound better.”

Nov., '91. Introduction to a Lecture on the International Relations of Persia.

“ I can't find any other way to treat this subject except historically.”

Jan., '92. “ Mr. C—, what is the ‘ Most Favored Nation Clause ’ in a Treaty ? ”

C—. “ Well, sir, it means exactly what it says.”

Feb., '92. “ Any man is liable to become a criminal at any time of its life.”

March, '92. “ Mr. C—, you may answer, as you haven't said much lately.”

C—. “ I don't know that I can say much now.”

VIXENS



"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ither's see us."—*Burns.*

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| THE FACULTY. | " Hell is empty
And all the devils are here."— <i>The Tempest.</i> |
| THE EDITORS. | " The mob of gentlemen who write with ease."
— <i>Pope.</i> |
| ABERCROMBIE. | " Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be
caught young."— <i>Johnson.</i> |
| ADLER. | " Gnats are unnoticed wheresoever they fly,
But eagles gazed on with every eye."
— <i>Rape of Lucrece.</i> |
| ANDRÉ. | " On their own merits modest men are dumb."
— <i>Coleman.</i> |
| ATKINSON. | " In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind."— <i>Moore.</i> |
| BAKER. | " A little of nature's infinite book of secrecy I can
read."— <i>Antony and Cleopatra.</i> |
| BALDWIN, C. G. | " He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or
wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence."
— <i>Chesterfield.</i> |
| BALDWIN, R. W. | " He rushed to meet the insulting foe."— <i>Freeman.</i> |
| BEHREND. | " He is too disputatious for my company."
— <i>Johnson.</i> |

- BENNETT. "He might be a very clever man by nature for all I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move."—*Hall*.

BENTLEY. "He was the whitest soul I ever knew."—*Emerson*.

BOVNTON. "For assorted gilt-edged knowledge
He can discount any college,
He's a simple little ostrich, but
He knows it all."—*Merry Monarch*.

BROWN, G. S. "The joys of parents are secret."—*Bacon*.
"He would rather be sick than be idle."
 —*Twelfth Night*.

BROWN, T. R. "He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading."
 —*Henry VIII.*

BRYAN. "What a beard thou hast got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my thill-horse, has on his tail."—*Merchant of Venice*.

BULLOCK. "He is as brave as the lion, as strong as the camel,
as swift as the ostrich, as sagacious as the fox,
and as generous as the pelican."—*Crawford*.

BUMP. "Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight,
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee."

CHESNUT. "I am resolved to grow fat."—*Dryden*.
"A truthful page is childhood's lovely face,
Whereon sweet innocence has record made."
 —*Shillaber*.

COX. "Oh! thou foul foot-ball player."—*King Lear*.

DAVIS. "Let another man praise thee, and not thy own mouth."—*Proverbs*.

GLASSIE. "Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank,
overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwells a most busy brain.
In thy eyes too, deep under their shaggy brows, looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolical fire?"—*Carlyle*.

- GREENBAUM. "Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk."
—*Lec.*
- GREENLEAF. "Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a way
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything."
—*Julius Caesar.*
- HARVEY. "The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape."
—*Hamlet.*
- HAUSSMANN. "His accents flow with artless ease."—*Jones.*
- HEWES. "He is a good tale-bearer."—*King Lear.*
- "Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle."
—*Jones.*
- HIRSH. "Thy voice is a celestial melody."—*Longfellow.*
- JEWETT. "Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?"—*Longfellow.*
- JOHNSON. "There's nothing so becomes a man as modest
stillness."—*Henry V.*
- JUMP. "Thou art full of love and flesh."—*Henry VIII.*
- LATANÉ. "He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas."
—*Butler.*
- L'ENGLE. "Angels are bright still though the brightest fell."
—*Macbeth.*
- LOTHROP. "Verweile doch ; du bist so schön."—*Goethe.*
- MCKAY. "A young man, a Mormon in sentiment, yet inde-
pendent, and, for a backwoodsman, uncommonly
intelligent."—*Ward.*
- MIXTER. "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
think I should live till I were married."
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*
- MONTGOMERY. "The man that blushes is not quite a brute."
—*Young.*
- NORRIS. "I am not mad ; I would to heaven I were ;
For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself."
—*King John.*
- PENNIMAN. "He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple
and took about ten yards at every stride."
—*Swift.*

- PEPPLER. " Hard students are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradypepsea, bad eyes, collick, crudities, oppilations, vertigo and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting ; they are lean, dry and ill-colored through immoderate pains and extraordinary study." —*Burton.*
- POPE. " The Pope has refused to send his Bull to the Cattle Show at the World's Fair." —*Current.*
- REESE. " Take me just as I am." —*Swift.*
- SNIVELY. " Why do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod ? " —*Epictetus.*
- STEARNS. " Yet looks he like a king ; behold his eye, as bright As is the eagle's, lightens forth controlling majesty." —*Richard II.*
- STEENKEN. " Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit." —*Fielding.*
- STERN. " He is one of the starry consternations." —*Sheridan.*
- STEVENS. " His only fault is that he has no fault." —*Pliny.*
- TWINSES. " And both were young, and one was beautiful." —*Byron.*
- or
- STEWART, G. L. " It is not every question that deserves an answer." —*Publius Syrus.*
- or
- STEWART, J. " As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." —*Sheridan.*
- STEWART, R. C. " Hunting is the labour of the savages of North America." —*Johnson.*
- TODD. " God made him and therefore let him pass for a man." —*Merchant of Venice.*
- TURNER, A. B. } " We were twinned lambs that did frisk in the sun and bleat the one at the other." —*Comedy of Errors.*
- TURNER, H. J. } " They are as like each other as are peas." —*Horace.*
- WAIDNER. " I called on him yesterday, and found him sitting all around a table by himself." —*Hazlitt.*
- WHITEHEAD. " Much of a muchness." —*Vanbrugh.*
- WILLIAMS. " What a head for just a boy to have." —*Clemens.*
- WILSON. " Good master, you look wise ; pray correct that error." —*Lamb.*
- WILSON. " Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin." —*Henry VI.*

THE CLASS SUPPERS.



MAGINATION cannot picture a more glowing scene than the first of '92's banquets, and this itself sinks into insignificance in comparison with the glories of the second ; and, yea verily, the third could pat the others on the head in a condescending manner, proudly pointing to itself, exclaiming " Ich bin der Summum Genus."

By the law of Universal Causation, there must be an antecedent to all these consequences and, in this case, the proximate cause was our joviality and good-fellowship ; but the original cause was undoubtedly our own true Johnny, who had always insisted that, instead of having one palatial feast and then indulging in milk and crackers for the remainder of the year, we should have a series of oratorical, gastronomical and wine-biblical entertainments, in which that mild protégé of Dr. Brooks should be critically analyzed, and the liquor dedicated to Gambrinus should trickle down the œsophagi of those devilish youths who had not promised their mothers to abstain from C_2H_6O .

'92 is nothing if not religious, and so before the banquet they asked the consent of the gods, through their mediator, St. James ; and, through the kindness of this latter gentleman, the feast was allowed to proceed. But do not suppose that the Class of '92 assembles only for gastronomical purposes, for, though not slighting the more solid portion, our affections were incontestably united to the liquid and the gaseous.

It was not long before there was a general feeling of expansion ($pV = \text{constant}$), an enlarged condition of the intra-organic sensations and an intention to have as much extension as the dining-room would permit. Tommy smoothed his flowing locks, banged his wavy hair, and made a few introductory remarks, but was compelled to stop, owing to the fact that his attention was drawn off by the appearance of several schooners under full sail, which he hailed with delight. Lured on by a full-dress suit and other things too full to mention, Greenbaum proceeded to speak, and it was only by the combined

efforts of the rest of the audience that he could be prevailed upon to desist. Soon after this, a joke by Baldwin, dam unknown, had such an effect that Gus gathered under his protecting wings the members of his flock and distributed among them tracts on the virtue of General Grant and the vice of General Godlessness.

Next came the pathetic story of the rise and fall of that emblem of purity and grace, the Mackintosh, by our innocent little child phenomenon, familiarly known as Little Cally. At the extreme left sat a smile,—not one of those furtive, bashful ripples of which we had heard so much, but a broad and happy grin, which betrayed a full heart and a light head.

At the smaller table at the top sat the seven horrible examples of what strong drink can do, led by classic John H. (He was unable at this stage of the proceedings to state his last name, as here more than anywhere else the deadly track of the liquor had left its mark in unmistakable signs.)

Every nature was changed; Williams became smuttaneous, Stewart sanctimonious, Jewett amorous, Tommy supposititious, Latané ungracious, Norris bibulous and Stovey lugubrious.

Perhaps the most touching song of the evening was the duet of Norris and Brown, wherein each asserted that the other "had a baby," by a well-known author. The hearts of all the waiters were carried back to "Ole Virginny befo' the war," by Williams' masterly and Delsartian treatment of the art of locomotion. In fact it would be useless to attempt to describe all the pleasures of that feast, the wealth of wit and song, the good-fellowship evidenced in everything.

Let us hope that in the near future the suppers may even surpass the high standard of excellence reached in the past, and then we shall have the firm conviction that every succeeding Class in the J. H. U. will feel indebted to the Class of '92 for the introduction of suppers where well delivered speeches will take the place of elaborately evolved menus, and with their verve and sparkle shall be more potent than wine.

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NOTICES.

It may have happened that in the course of this work the editors have published something which might be construed as contradictory to the dogma and teaching of our blessed mother University, the mother and mistress of all the universities. All such, whatever it may be, they hereby recant and disavow as most certainly false, pernicious and absurd.

THE EDITORS.

The Business Firms whose cards may be found on the succeeding pages of this book are especially recommended to the attention of all University men and all readers of the "Hullabaloo," because of the fact that it is mainly through their kindness that the publication of the book was assured.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

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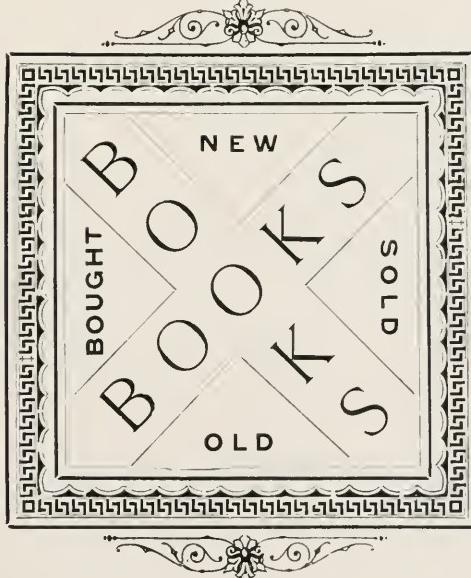
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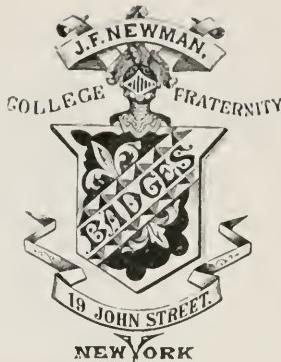
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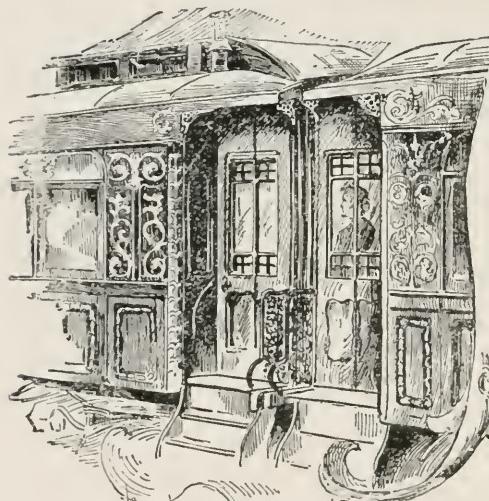
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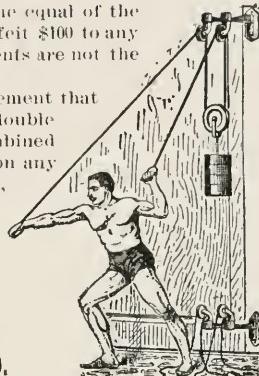
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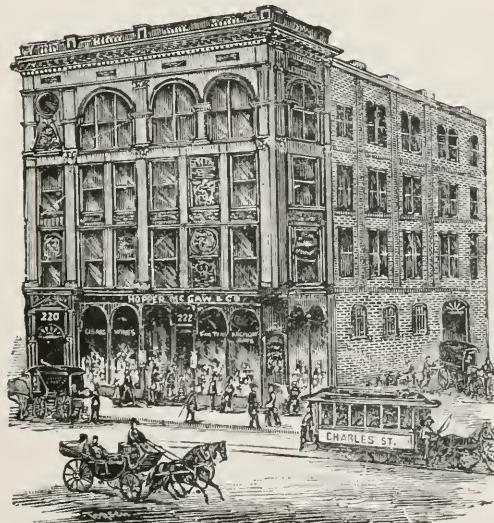
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